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MISS HETTY HAMER.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.

THE PANORAMA OF THE WEEK.

Tuesday.

Bills designed to suppress Anarchists were discussed in the French Chamber of Deputies and in the House of Lords. In the former M. Brisson accused the Government of taking advantage of Carnot's murder to forge a weapon to be used against their political opponents. In the House of Lords the second reading of Lord Salisbury's Aliens Bill was carried by 89 votes to 37.—The Black Band of the Centre is the name of a gang of Belgian criminals that have terrified the inhabitants in the districts of Mons and Charleroi by their depredations for years. The leader was a one-armed man, Van Ham, and the gang had their head-quarters at a handsomely-furnished country inn, kept by a woman. Thirteen of them, including two women, have been arrested, and their trial is going on at Mons.—The Queen and Court were present at a concert performance of Mr. Cowen's opera, "Signa," at Windsor Castle, Madame Sigrid Arnoldson, Mr. Ben Davies, and Signor Ancona being the artists.—Mr. Gladstone returned to Dollis Hill from Pitlochry.—Madame Sarah Bernhardt and Madame Réjane held a charity reception at the Grafton Galleries for the benefit of the French Hospital.—Miss Marie Meredith, only daughter of Mr. George Meredith, was married to Mr. H. P. Sturgis, of Leatherhead.—A man, Strange (by name and nature), was charged at the Westminster Police Court with having attempted to stab Mrs. Sandys, the wife of the Public Orator at Cambridge University, after she alighted from a cab at the St. Stephen's entrance of the House of Commons on Monday afternoon. He was remanded.

Wednesday.

The Queen held a Council at Windsor, and afterwards conferred the honour of knighthood upon a number of the recipients of birthday honours.—Princess Henry of Battenberg opened a bazaar at Canterbury for the establishment of higher grade schools.—Mr. Bryce and Lord Tweedmouth were entertained at dinner by the Liberal Members for Lancashire at the National Liberal Club. Mr. Bryce described the Budget as the best the country had ever seen, while Lord Tweedmouth once more attributed his success as a whip to Mr. Gladstone.—The Bronze Medal for the Queen's Prize at Bisley was won by Corporal Bailey, 3rd East Surrey.—Miss Marie Collins, sister of the more famous Lottie, figured in the Divorce Court, when a decree *nisi* was granted against her for her misconduct with Mr. Richard Snell, private secretary to Lord Rothschild, the husband getting £800 damages.—The deaths are announced of Professor Joseph Hyrtl, the celebrated pathologist and anatomist of Vienna, in his eighty-third year, and of M. Leconte de Lisle, the French poet, who succeeded Victor Hugo in the Academy. He was seventy-four.—A republic has been proclaimed in Hawaii, with Mr. Dole as its first President.—The British Consul-General in Corea has been insulted and assaulted by a party of Japanese soldiers.—The delegates to the Intercolonial Conference, who have been entertained with great cordiality in Quebec, separated to-day.

Thursday.

The principle of the minimum wage in the coal trade has been adopted, for the Coal Conciliation Board decided that for the next seventeen months wages are to remain at 30 per cent. above the rate of 1888, while for five months longer they are to be fixed at such a point between 30 and 45 per cent. above 1888 as the circumstances of the moment may warrant.—For a second time, it was decided that the Government's cordite is not a colourable imitation of Mr. Nobel's ballistite.—Seven men were blown to atoms in the Solent. They had, under Trinity House instructions, blown up the wreck of a yacht on the Brambles, and were returning in a small boat, when one of the crew took on board an unexploded charge, which went off in the bottom of the boat.—The second-class cruiser *Eclipse*, 350 ft. long, was launched at Portsmouth.—The Union Liner *Norman*, 7500 tons, was launched at Belfast.—Two lakes, celebrated by poets, were mentioned to-day in the most prosaic connection. Windermere is being polluted to the extent of 100,000 gallons of sewage per day by the Bowness Local Board. Mr. Justice Collins ordered the Board to perfect their system of purification. A thousand gallons of water from Loch Katrine are to be supplied weekly to a New York firm by the Glasgow Water Commissioners. It was stated at the Glasgow Town Council to-day that the water was to be used for some chemical experiments.—This week's issue of *Pick-Me-Up* was seized in Liverpool by the police.—The coffin containing Carnot's remains was transferred to its permanent place in the Panthéon. The new President took possession of the Elysée.—M. Dupuy, in supporting the Anti-Anarchist Bill, said it was aimed at no political party, but at a savage, anti-human sect. Two Socialistic amendments to it were defeated.—The man who attempted to murder Signor Crispi was condemned to solitary confinement for twenty years.—Kassala, the most important stronghold of the Mahdists, has been captured by the Italians. This, in connection with the occupation of Wadelai and other Upper Nile ports by the Belgians, is regarded as the beginning of the reconquest of the Soudan.—The Free Trade party in New South Wales, led by Sir H. Parkes, have beaten the Protectionists at the General Election, 62 Free Traders, 39 Protectionists, and 21 Labourists having been returned.

Friday.

The "silver wedding" of the establishment of submarine telegraphy to the Far East was celebrated to-night by a brilliant *fête* at the Imperial Institute, attended by thousands of guests. The reception was preceded by a dinner, at which Sir John Pender, the grand old man of telegraphy, presided over

a company of 500. The Minister of Posts and Telegraphs at Rome wired that the King of Italy had conferred on Sir John the Great Ribbon with the Great Cross of the Crown of Italy. Mr. Bayard, the United States Ambassador, in proposing the toast of submarine telegraphy in its international aspect, remarked that "of all the secure places on earth for the secrets of Governments, for the message of the lover to his mistress, and for every conceivable transmission of human feeling or thought, 'Davy Jones's locker' had become the safest." The chairman said that the world possessed 152,000 miles of submarine cable and over 2,000,000 miles on land. The Prince of Wales, at the reception, sent messages to the Viceroy of India, to the Governors of the various colonies, and the Kings of Denmark and Greece.—Captain Bateman, 2nd Tower Hamlets, headed the Silver Medal stage of the Queen's Prize at Bisley.—The *Britannia* beat the *Vigilant* in Dublin Bay, this being her eighth victory in nine trials.—The French Chamber passed the first clause of the Anti-Anarchist Bill by 297 votes to 205.

Saturday.

The Duke of Connaught is reported to have remarked to a friend at Bisley this afternoon that "The Scotchmen always win." Certain it is that they have made a remarkable show for the Queen's Prize. The winner is Private M. S. Rennie, 3rd Lanark, with a record score of 283. The second and the fourth on the list are also members of the 3rd Lanark. Private Rennie, who is twenty-eight years old, is a timber merchant at Glasgow and Alloa. He joined the Volunteers about ten years ago. Scotland also won the National Challenge Trophy, and the Ayrshire Yeomanry (second team) won the Loyd-Lindsay. Staff-Sergeant King, of Canada, won the St. George's.—The Police Court at Parsonstown was crowded with an aristocratic audience to hear the charge against some young officers who were charged with breaking into the quarters of Surgeon-Major Fox at Birr Barracks and unlawfully assaulting and "putting in bodily fear" two maids. Two of the prisoners established an *alibi*. The identification of a third, it was decided, was intangible, while the other four got off, as the Court was equally divided on their case.—Hackney Marsh, which has been rescued for the public by the County Council for £75,000, was dedicated as an open space by Sir John Hutton. It has a history dating from the palmy days of King Alfred.—Mr. Walter Crane, seconding the adoption of the sixth annual report of the School of Handicraft, spoke of the alchemy by which the beer stream had been to some extent converted into educational work.—Mr. John Barlas, who distinguished himself some time ago by discharging a revolver at the House of Commons, was remitted to the sheriff at Perth for an assault at Crieff last night. It required five men to convey him to prison.—A petard was exploded close to the garden wall of the British Embassy in Rome late last night.—A ferry boat, conveying pilgrims across the river Belaja, near Tobinsk, has sunk, and 100 people were drowned.

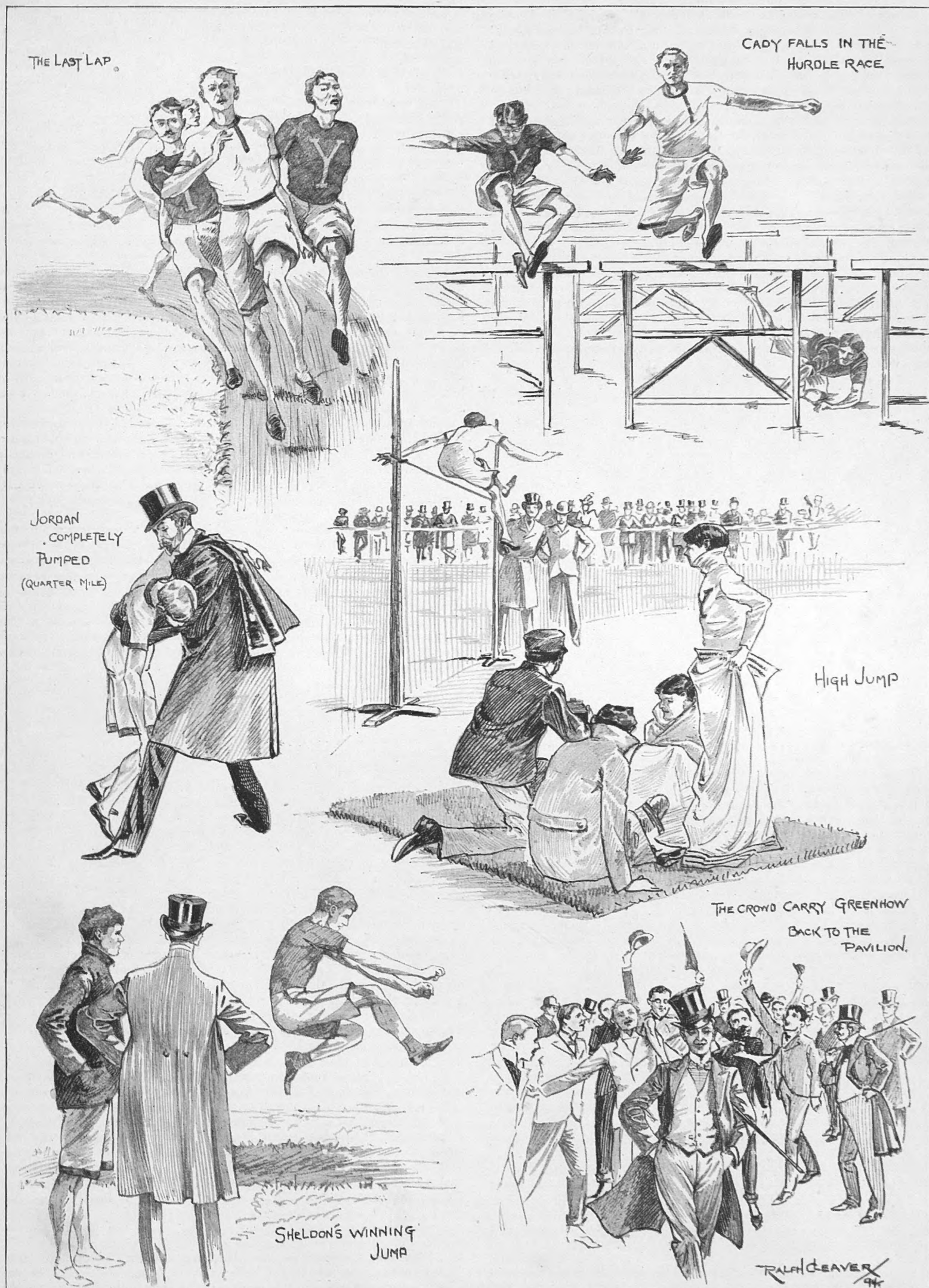
Sunday.

An extraordinary burglar hunt, lasting ten hours, took place to-day in the City. Between five and six in the morning the attention of the police was called to the attempted burglary of a warehouse in Cheapside. Three men were seen escaping by a high wall in the rear. Shortly after, one of them fell through a skylight, a distance of twenty feet, into a coffee-shop and was arrested; but it was not until four in the afternoon that the other two men were captured, a body of police having been in full pursuit all day.—O'Donovan Rossa presided at the unveiling of a monument to the "Manchester Martyrs" in Birmingham. Rossa is not satisfied with the Home Rule party. He said there was in England to-day the same hatred to Ireland as had always been shown.—The Marquis of Headfort died this morning in his seventy-second year. He is succeeded by his son, Lord Geoffrey Thomas.—The children of Israel in Whitechapel assembled and raised their voices against the Aliens Bill.—The fiftieth anniversary of the publication of the first Bulgarian newspaper was celebrated at the Sophia Cathedral under the immediate patronage of the Holy Synod.—In the Senate at Rome Signor Crispi stated that the "capture of Kassala did not alter Italy's relations with other Powers." The Italians were established there, having as a neighbour Great Britain, with whom they enjoyed excellent relations.

Monday.

It is rumoured that war has been declared between China and Japan over the Korean question, but the Chinese and Japanese Legations in London know nothing of this decision.—Don Jaime, son of Don Carlos, the Spanish Pretender, has been expelled from a village in the French Pyrenees at the request of the Spanish Government.—The Duke of Cambridge opened the Clarence Park and Recreation Ground at St. Albans.—Much excitement has been caused in Dundee by the arrest of a merchant in the City, named Hassberger, who is accused of having forged bank bills of acceptance to the extent of £100,000.—The report of Lunacy Commissioners shows that on Jan. 1 92,067 persons of unsound mind were recorded in England and Wales, which "shows the largest annual increase in the number of officially-known lunatics yet recorded."

The London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Company run special trains for the convenience of their patrons during the Sussex fortnight, commencing Monday. For the Goodwood Meeting special arrangements have been made by the company, and also by the Brighton and Portsmouth Corporations, for the watering of the roads between the Drayton and Chichester Stations and Goodwood Park.



THE PLAY AND ITS STORY.

"LA FEMME DE CLAUDE."

The lover stood still, waiting for death, the guilty wife was lying dead on the floor, but all that the avenging husband said was "Come along and work." Yet at one time Claude Ruper deeply loved the woman whom he had shot as calmly as if she were a mad dog. Strange to say also, the creature that was killed while attempting a fearful crime against her husband, had made him a sincere declaration of passionate love but an hour before her death.

Some have blamed the man for his daring act of justice, but if a human being can have the right to suppress a fellow-creature he was justified. When Claude Ruper married Césarine, the daughter of Baron de Fieradlen, he was absolutely chaste, and believed her to be a pure young girl. Soon after his marriage he discovered that the wife whom he worshipped had borne an illegitimate child. He might have pardoned her, have forgiven the fraud practised upon him had she shown herself a good mother; but she neglected her poor babe, and when it died rejoiced at the removal of the proof of her fall.

Yet the man did not drive the woman from his house, fearing that it would force her to the streets and drag his name through the dirt. She had no gratitude, took lover after lover, hardly even attempting concealment. After one escapade, a love or passion born of a comparison of Claude with her lovers, or of jealousy for his innocent friendship for Rebecca, daughter of an old friend of his, awoke in her heart, and she resolved to rekindle the love that had once burned fiercely for her. Now, Claude, when life seemed hopeless of love, had turned his energies to the invention of a weapon that should make France successful in the war of revenge. Aided by his adopted son, Antonin, he had done wonders, and devised a cannon against which no foe could stand.

The fame of Claude's invention spread wide and far, and an unscrupulous agent for a foreign Government was sent to learn his secret by fair or foul means. This man, Cantagnac by name, got into Claude's house by pretending to wish to buy it, since it had to be sold, as its owner was short of money. Cantagnac determined to use Césarine as his tool, and felt sure of her, because he knew not only all the shameful facts with which her husband was acquainted, but one foul episode still unknown to him. He boldly proposed a bargain to the woman, met her indignant protests with mockery, threatened to tell her husband of her last adventure, and then she gave way—or, rather, pretended to give way, for, in truth, she determined to make a last appeal to her husband for his love and then tell him of the plot.

When Césarine made her appeal to the man she had treated so ill, she met with nothing but just scorn, and finally with an avowal that he loved Rebecca, loved her hopelessly, purely, utterly. At this the woman's passion turned to hatred. She went to Cantagnac and agreed to his terms. Her plan was to use Antonin, who deeply loved her, to get from him the key of the strong box where the working drawings of the gun were kept. She drew him on to a declaration of love, feigned a return of his passion, and even induced him to consent to an elopement. In the strong box he had placed some moneys of hers for safety, and when he opened it, to get funds for their flight, she lured him away, and then clutched the plans.

Outside the window Cantagnac was waiting; outside also was Claude. He had been warned of the plot by Césarine's maid, who shrank from aiding her mistress in such a crime. Antonin saw the papers in her hand, and strove to get them from her: she struggled with him, and got free, ran to the window, broke a pane of glass, and was going to throw them out to Cantagnac, when the husband called out her name. She turned, and he fired a gun that he had snatched out of the rack, and she fell dead without a cry. Antonin he forgave, knowing that he, hardly more than a boy, had been tempted beyond human endurance, yet was loyal so far as the invention was concerned.

"La Femme de Claude" was written just after M. Dumas fils had written his famous "Tue-la" pamphlet, in which he put forward the proposition that the only thing to do with a thoroughly vicious woman is to kill her. As often happens when people write books and plays to prove theories, he has not succeeded in proving anything, for Césarine is killed, not on account of the misery and evil that her sexual viciousness has caused, but because she attempts a purely nonsexual crime. Augier's "Le Mariage d'Olympe," in which some straining persons have found an anticipation of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," is really a more logical development of M. Dumas' thesis.

However, whether it is logically related to the pamphlet or not, whether it is right to call it a "problem play," or wrong to use the author's term "symbolic," it is a powerful, deeply interesting work, faulty in technique because of the gross disproportion of the acts and ineffectiveness of the last act, yet wise in many aspects, witty at times, and thoroughly human.

Madame Bernhardt, as Césarine, has a part which gives her one great scene—that in which she tries to make her husband take her again to his heart—and she played it splendidly, yet with a curious restraint, for she hardly displayed the fascination powers that have had wonderful effect in some of her parts. It enables her also to show finely the rare gift she has—and only the great possess it—of being silently interesting. M. Guitry gave an admirable performance in the trying part of Claude. The Cantagnac of M. Deval, though not at all like the author's conception of the character, was a very clever piece of work, and Mdlle. Valder played in excellent style the important part of the repentant maid.

NOTES FROM THE THEATRES.

The chief difficulty in adapting a novel for the stage lies in the question of omission, and here it is that adapters, as a rule, come to grief. Cutting is painful work, and it is hard to decide that scenes which seemed good and characters that appeared entertaining in the book must not appear in the stage version. Moreover, in reducing the bulk of the work, one is apt to cut out linking matter really essential to the piece. In "A Life Policy," Mrs. Helen Davis has suffered from these difficulties, and not a little of her piece is needless, while a more than fair amount is puzzling.

The word "uninteresting" seems dangerous for a critic; other words that he uses may appear to some extent objective, and have a chance of absolute truth—this one has the crudest, baldest way of saying, "I did not like it, so you should not." Yet it is hard to get on without it. "A Life Policy" has painful efforts at humour, dialogue very "high falutin," when not dull, and shows little gift for character drawing or construction; yet I have seen pieces poorer than it in all these aspects that were less uninteresting. One wondered why one should take an interest in anybody connected with the affair. The central figure is a villain, who is reckless and clumsy with poison, and is such a surly, dull dog that one has little curiosity about him.

An effort is made to attract attention—to show subtlety in character drawing by making Lawrence Maber appear to love his wife even when he is poisoning her with tartar emetic because he wants to get £20,000 for which she has been insured in a speedy manner that would startle even an American agent. Moreover, although he protests to the audience that he loves his wife, he indulges in love passages with a tame petticoat villain called Beatrice Marte, who tells him that she hates his wife. No doubt, there are many curious inconsistencies in human nature, but human beings may have contrary, not contradictory, qualities, as a logician would say.

The acting was too good for the play. Three ladies did admirable work—Miss Winifred Fraser, Mrs. Herbert Waring (a rarely seen actress of great ability), and Mrs. Edward Saker, while some of the men played very well. It is a pity that Mr. Herbert Flemming should work so hard at his acting: the word "repose" seems to have no place in his vocabulary.

In presenting for the last night of his season a programme composed of "Gringoire" and "An Enemy of the People," Mr. Beerbohm Tree has contrived a cleverly-contrasted entertainment. What two plays could be more curiously unlike than the romantic comedy of the French poet and the intensely non-romantic social tragedy by the Norwegian dramatist? For, really, "An Enemy of the People" is a tragedy, though no blood is spilt, though the only material evidence of a big moral strife is a rent in a pair of trousers and a few broken panes of glass. Yet the destruction of a man's belief in his fellow-man, the perversion of a philanthrope into a misanthrope, is really the murder of a human character, and Dr. Stockmann is killed almost as conclusively by the cowardice and selfishness of his fellow-citizens as was the hero of the rarely-acted "Timon of Athens."

It is curious what different standpoints for viewing human life are shown by De Banville and Ibsen. In "The Ballad-monger" one has the optimistic idea that the poet—the preacher, I should like to call him—can work wonders: the grim Norwegian play teaches that silence is golden even when speech would be health-giving truth. I am bound to say that in force of deduction Ibsen's work shows itself the stronger. I have never in seeing or reading quite believed in "Gringoire"; it has always seemed to me that what the poet says is inadequate for the effect that it is supposed to produce. This is not the common case of disproportion in stage matters, for, as a rule, the mountain and mouse is in point in considering the relation of cause and effect in theatrical effects. On the other hand, "An Enemy of the People" is vigorously true, and one cannot resist belief in the strange march of events that, with bitter irony, makes the public benefactor appear the general malefactor. It is immensely impressive, not merely because of the truth and life-likeness of the characters, but also the brilliancy of the construction. The public meeting is one of the most remarkable and ingenious pieces of pure stage-craft that I can recollect, and in it is accomplished a problem that might puzzle a Scribe. It is a marvel, too, because when one is simply reading the play it does not appear effective from an acting point of view, and even the experienced have fought shy of it, supposing it to be undramatic.

I am not sure that it was wholly wise to put the two plays side by side, for they were bound to have a somewhat prejudicial effect on one another. Perhaps the object of it was to give Mr. Tree an opportunity of showing his versatility, since one cannot easily imagine a greater superficial difference than between Stockmann and Gringoire. "Superficial," I say, because at heart the two are of the same human class. Certainly, he clearly differentiated the parts. It seemed to me that in both he had one fault—the desire to be too picturesque. The jests at Gringoire's appearance lost their point, while Stockmann's clothes and hat seemed utterly out of place. I think it is for this reason that his Ballad-monger is the finer piece of acting. Certainly, the poor poet is a more romantic figure than the hustling local doctor, and can stand some sacrifice of truth to elegance. However, in both Mr. Tree's work was very able, and met with hearty applause. Mrs. Tree was charming in "The Ballad-monger," but why does she commit such a solecism as to sing a very modern pretty song in the mediæval days? Others deserve admiration, such as Mrs. Wright and Miss Lily Hanbury and Messrs. James Welch, E. M. Robson, and Revelle. MONOCLE.

BROCKWELL, THE SURREY CRICKETER.

I met Mr. Brockwell at the close of the Gentlemen v. Players match at the Oval. We got to business at once.

"Let me see," I remarked, "you were born——"

"Yes, undoubtedly; I was born at Kingston-on-Thames on Jan. 21, 1866. I learned my cricket on Ham Common, and was introduced to the Surrey Club in 1886."

"And your earliest score of importance——"

"Was 24 in a test match against Surrey County. In club matches



W. BROCKWELL.

Photo by Mayall and Co., Piccadilly.

I got 72 and 88, and played in that year in two county matches against Derby and Leicester.

"In '87 and '88 I played in a few matches, with an average improving each year; but the Surrey team was then too strong for a youngster to get a regular place in it. At the end of '88 I went to South Africa with Mills."

"On business?"

"Oh, no; just to get set up. You want a pretty good physique for first-class cricket. I played for the Eclectics, Kimberley, and got an average of 44. The South Africans treated me splendidly."

"In '89 I played in the majority of matches for Surrey, and, in fact, from this year forward I became a regular member of the Surrey eleven. Then I went to South Africa with Mr. Read's team, where we did not lose a match. My average, however, was rather a poor one—only 18—but a good deal of my time was taken up with correspondence for a sporting paper."

"In what representative matches have you played since then?"

"Well, last year, for the South of England against the Australians, and for England against the Australians, and this year I shall have played in both the Gentlemen v. Players matches."

"And your best scores, so far, are?"

"107 against Gloucester, 108 against Essex, 103 in the Yorkshire match, and 93 against Sussex—all this season."

"I see they put you on to bowl occasionally?"

"Yes; I used to bowl a little in previous years, but last year I had more opportunities, and got 68 wickets for 1539 runs apiece. This year, however, I am not required, as Richardson and Lockwood are in such good form."

"What bonus does the Surrey Club give players for scores of 50 or over?"

"I am glad you've asked that question, for the general public are always giving different accounts of what players receive. In the first place, we call this extra money 'a talent present,' and it depends on the value of the innings. The Surrey Club recognises and appreciates an innings of merit. It is not absolutely necessary to make 50 runs."

"Now, with regard to the bowling of to-day," I remarked, "some are of opinion that there are no fast bowlers, only fast throwers."

"I don't believe it. There isn't a unfair bowler in first-class cricket at the present time."

"And whom do you find the most difficult bowler to play?"

"Mold, without a doubt. I would rather play anyone than him."

"But, then, you don't meet you countryman, Richardson?"

"I'm very glad I don't. He wouldn't improve my average. But there's not much to choose between him and Mold, although probably the Lancashire man comes faster off the pitch. On a sticky wicket, however, Wainwright is about the most deadly man in England."

"Do you think amateurs make better captains than professionals?"

"Um—er—I shouldn't like to say. The Players don't get many opportunities. But certainly the finest captains we have ever seen have been amateurs, and of these I should say Mr. Hornby, Mr. Shuter, and Mr. Murdoch were the pick."

"And what do you do during the winter?"

"Keep fit for the summer. I play golf a little, keep goal for an Association team at Ham. No Rugby, thank you; I can't afford the luxury of getting damaged, and I go in for plenty of walking. The chief thing for a batsman is to train the eye, and he can do that by being observant of the merest trifles in his walks. It is astonishing what you can notice by training the eye in this way. An experienced batsman can anticipate a bowler by detecting the faintest variation in his action before delivering the ball, when the ordinary man would see nothing."

"A Sherlock Holmes come to judgment," I muttered.

"Oh, come! I bar two things—playing with cricket and cigarettes," and the bronzed, sinewy professional picked up his bag, nodded a pleasant adieu, and swung away with rapid strides.

W. C. S.

A CRICKET SONG.

Life, if well played, is a grand game of cricket,
Tested on turf whether lively or dead;
Care bowls a "tice," when in luck we can "snick it,"
Sorrow's half-volleys hit over his head.
Toss up for choice, and select the first innings,
Send out the umpires, and ask them for guard;
Best of all matches are won by beginnings,
Pluck and decision are scored on the card.

CHORUS.

Then here's to old cricket! The grand game of cricket! —
The turf, and the tents, and the telegraph-boards!
A cheer for the pleasure of bat, ball, and wicket,
The pastime of peasant, the glory of Lord's!

Golf has its glory, but nothing like cricket,
Tennis has skill, but not half of the fun;
Quote me one game in the world that can lick it—
By cricket at Eton was Waterloo won.
Keep up your pluck and you'll never stop scoring,
Trust to your head and you'll never bowl wide;
When you're "not out," there'll be women adoring
The Captain of Cricket, the Pride of their Side.

Youth has no joy like the cup full of pleasure,
Drowned to the dregs when a cricketer scores;
Lift a full-pitch to the boundary's measure,
How the Ring cheers, the Pavilion roars!
Age has in cricket no thought more consoling
Than lightly to lie under turf when you're dead,
And feel right above you the ground-man is rolling
And cutters of daisies sweep over your head.

CLEMENT SCOTT.



Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

LORD'S: BETWEEN THE INNINGS.

ALFRED ASLETT, Secretary and General Manager.

THE "KAMMERVIRTUOSINNEN" EISSLER.

Photographs by H. S. Mendelsohn, Pembroke Crescent, W.

I never before wished that I were a man, which suggests that I am not a Hebrew, for the members of that ancient and convenient race believe so little in modern theories of the superiority of women that the males thank God daily in their prayers that they belong to the ugly sex. It was the day appointed for visiting the talented Misses Eissler. The two sisters greeted me with pretty speeches, faintly flavoured with



MISS MARIANNE EISSLER.

a German accent, and amiably said, both speaking at once, that they were delighted their interviewer was *only* a lady, for they felt so shy at the thought of having to talk about themselves to a man.

I asked whether they were Germans or Austrians, for in my mind all the speakers of the Teutonic tongue are classed as "manufactured in Germany," yet I know that the inhabitants of each country feel bitterly insulted if it is suggested that they belong to the other.

Miss Marianne, who throughout took the lead, answered that they were born in Moravia, but refused to be drawn when I inquired whether they were "Moravian Brothers." I did not ask their age, for it seemed too inconsiderable a trifle to be worthy of discussion, so I went on to more important matters.

They were sitting side by side on a sofa at the back of which stood Clara's harp, and looked charming: each has a decidedly individual beauty, yet they have one feature in common, the halo of fair, gossamer golden hair that frames faces of remarkable sweetness and charm. There can be no doubt that one sister is prettier than the other; but in making efforts to arrive at a preference I found each time that the one at whom I was looking for the moment deserved the apple, and as I looked at them in turns I naturally came to no definite conclusion.

"Were you infant prodigies?"

"Infant prodigies? No. I did not begin playing the harp in public till I was nine years old, and it was not till Marianne had studied the violin seven years at the Vienna Conservatoire that she made her *début* in public, and then she was fourteen. Long before that friends were kind and enthusiastic; but our mother would not let us risk the strain and excitement of public concerts till we were older, and less likely to be affected by the artificial life an artist must necessarily lead."

Clara, or little Sainte Cécile, as Liszt called her when she played at the last concert at which the great master was ever heard, is not only an admirable *virtuose*, but an accomplished artist. This is shown by the fact that even the fastidious, who stop their ears, but not as a Ulyssian safeguard against sirens, if the harp is heard, save in an orchestra, find deep pleasure when she plays it as a solo, and cease to regret the fact that it ever got outside "Tara's halls."

"How many hours a day do you practise?" I said, looking at the soft, little white hands that are an effective *repoussoir* to a collection of rings, which forms a brilliant record of many a triumph.

"Three hours a day," answered Marianne. "It is little, I know; but during the season all one's engagements seem so crowded that, at the very time practice is most needed, time, or rather want of time, will not permit more."

"I suppose you spend the season in London?"

"Not only the season, but most of the year. We have made London our home. In England there is a much larger field for artists, and the English are so absolutely just and kind to foreigners that, after a few weeks' touring abroad, weeks of brilliant receptions and effusive greetings, one comes back contentedly to the country where there is rest on Sundays, and where the word 'home' is truly understood."

"But still it is a foreigner who has done most to idealise that word to the English, for Patti has drawn more tears with that simple ballad than even 'The Two Orphans' has caused."

"Ah, Patti! that is our dear Aunty Adelina. She has been so good, so generous to us!"

"Of course, you know she is not really our aunt," Clara interrupted; "indeed, she is more like a fairy godmother; but in her letters to us, always written in English, and with a grace in the use of the language we envy—oh! you must not pay us compliments on our English—she signs herself 'Aunty Adelina.'"

And then the two girls grew enthusiastic over the happy days they had spent at Craig-y-Nos with her and "Uncle Ernest," as they call the illustrious Nicolini.

No wonder they keep a warm corner in their hearts for England. Since Marianne Eissler's first appearance at an orchestral concert given by Mr. Ganz in 1882, scarcely a season has passed without bringing her fresh triumphs in our island.



MISS CLARA EISSLER.

"At which have you played as a rule, at 'At Homes,' or at public performances?"

"Some years since, artists' engagements were mostly at private receptions, but now amateurs have taken our place in drawing-rooms, and so there is, perhaps, less work, but it is certainly of a more profitable kind. So you heard me playing at the first Philharmonic Concert at which I was invited to perform. It was many years ago, but I suppose it was the turning-point in my career."

"Since then have you travelled much?"

"Yes; and perhaps my pleasantest recollection is of a long tour with Madame Patti."

"And how proud Marianne felt when she was summoned to play before the Queen at Windsor Castle!" interrupted Clara. "That is over two years ago now, but the Queen recognised her at Coburg a few weeks ago, and after the concert given by the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha called Marianne and thanked her for the performance, and said

I suddenly discovered that the half-hour I had asked for already contained 200 minutes; and, although they protested that they were not weary of the society of Mrs. *Sketch*, I came to the conclusion that the interview had better come to one, and went away with a pretty picture in my mind of the two "Kammervirtuosinnen," who have won their way to the hearts of the British public.

BINOCLE.

MADAME PATTI.

Madame Adelina Patti has once again endeared herself to her neighbours by the splendid concert arranged by the great singer on behalf of the Swansea Hospital and the poor living around her famous home, Craig-y-Nos Castle. It took place on the 12th, at the Albert Hall, Swansea, and about £1000 was realised. Madame Patti had a splendid reception in the crowded streets of Swansea, where she is adored, and the enthusiasm

Mr. Ganz. Madame Patti.



Miss M. Eissler. Madame Hannah Jones. Miss C. Eissler.

SOME OF MADAME PATTI'S CONCERT PARTY AT SWANSEA.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET, W.

she remembered so well her charming playing at Windsor Castle in 1891—and, fancy! her Majesty spoke our own language to us."

And they went on to speak of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg's kindness to them, and then talked their language to me. After several *malentendus*, I learnt that he had appointed them Court violinist and harpist. The German title of "Kammervirtuosin" is, however, a great deal more awe-inspiring.

"You played at several of the concerts, I believe, given in honour of the Queen?"

"Twice. We were engaged for one performance only, but we were included in the programme for the following Tuesday, which was certainly a great honour."

Here Clara broke in—"And Marianne wore such a pretty dress!"

"Oh, but the next time I wear it I shall pin on the lovely brooch given me by the Duke of Edinburgh. Is it not pretty?"

From a satin-lined ivory case she took a small violin of diamonds and pearls, while Clara showed me the equally charming souvenir given to her by his Royal Highness.

Then we began chatting over subjects profoundly interesting to ladies, but, possibly, not even within the comprehension of men, till

was equally great in the hall. She wore a splendid costume of pale-blue moiré, trimmed with lace and accordion-pleated chiffon. She sang the *cavatina* "Una Voce," from "Il Barbiere," as she only can sing it, "The Last Rose of Summer," Tosti's "Last Serenata," to which Miss Clara Eissler played the harp *obbligato*, as well as encores, which were rendered necessary by the applause of the delighted audience. Supporting the *diva* were the talented sisters Eissler, Mr. Wilhelm Ganz, who conducted, Madame Hannah Jones, Mr. Norman Salmond, Signor Bonetti, Signor Romili, and Madame Patti's husband, Mr. Nicolini, who is rarely heard nowadays. The programmes were adorned with photographic reproductions of Madame Patti's lovely seat, Swansea Hospital, and a portrait of herself. The photograph of Madame Patti and her musical guests taken at Craig-y-Nos Castle is specially interesting. By-the-bye, such was the great vocalist's success with Elizabeth's song at her last concert in the Albert Hall that it is safe to prophesy Madame Patti will be encouraged to make further excursions into the works of Wagner. On that occasion she sang with a wonderful devotional fervour, of which she was hardly suspected, this exquisite selection, to an accompaniment by Mr. Coward on a Mustel organ, and was compelled to repeat her triumph.



MADAME ADELINA PATTI.

SPECIALLY PHOTOGRAPHED BY MESSRS. RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET, W.

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF PARIS.—II.

The Parisian bard who lampooned the summer months in this biting couplet—

Juin, Juillet, Août,
Ni huitres, ni femmes, ni choux!

is no apostle of the boulevard. I had no oysters in June, but *homard à l'Américaine* is a toothsome recollection. Breathes there the man so immature that he has not eaten *filet de sole avec crevettes et moules* at the Café Marguéry, let him not boast of living. He may walk with you, talk with you, pray with you, and so forth, but he does not live. *Ni choux*, forsooth! Never were strawberries so fine and asparagus so large. There is a little pot of iced cream with a paper band over the lid, which you open with that exquisite



sense of exploration and discovery that gives a stimulus to the palate, and puts to shame the threadbare pessimism of proverbs about the absence of any novelty under the sun. I should like to have seen Ecclesiastes tearing off that paper band, and introducing his first strawberry, with a delicious coating of cool cream, into his parched, though prophetic mouth! That precious pot at seventy-five centimes is far from me, and I am writing on a sultry day in a dull London club; but I have not the ingratitude to prate about the vanity of vanities. *Ni femmes!* As if woman were the creature of a season, and bloomed or faded with a cabbage! No such ungallant reflection clouded the gaiety of the boulevard, save, perhaps, when a lady sought to recruit the resources of nature with the devices of science by turning on an electric light in her bonnet. It is this gaiety which has such a charm for the dyspepsia of Piccadilly. Even the ill-looking night-bird who prowls round the tables outside the *café*, searching for cigarette-ends, hums a tune over his inodorous quest. The guttural voice which jars on the ear with cries of the evening papers—those evening papers which in Paris really come out in the evening, and not at breakfast-time—has a note of personal enjoyment in the cracked monotony of "*Le Sûr! Voilà le Sûr!*"

Here is an artist in a complete suit of velveteen, with cap to match, who proposes to make my portrait as I sit in a graceful attitude over a book. True, he wears his pencil behind his ear, giving an incongruous touch of the counter-jumper to that pleasantly-Bohemian costume; but his smile is most cheerful and prepossessing. He shows you a highly-flattering portrait of himself as a hint of what he can do for you in the same line of artistic hypocrisy, and is not depressed when you wave him off. Nor is he hurt when Monsieur just behind you is pleased to jest. Monsieur is very fat, and, looking at the specimens of manly beauty submitted to him, says, "Ah! But how much of me?" To this Velasquez of the pavement succeeds the toy-seller, who does not seem to mind whether you purchase his wares or not, and blows that very funny-looking contrivance with a curling end from his mouth purely for his own diversion. Is the gentleman with a puppy or two under his arm anxious to sell them? Not at all; he is simply taking the air, and amusing his puppies by showing them the crowd outside the Café Riche Brasserie, with its new and rather startling decorations, and the glittering electric lamps on the blood-red staircase. Presently the little dogs yawn; they have seen all this before, and are more *blasé* than their master.

What is the secret of this buoyancy and cheery independence? After much reflection and two or three books, you come to the conclusion that it is the open air. We are stifled in London; in Paris there is prodigious exercise for the lungs. All up the Faubourg Montmartre the placid burgesses are sitting in their doorways, smoking or knitting, but, above all, breathing, absorbing the ambient contentment which fills the very atmosphere of the city. There is the same impulse in French art. In the Champ de Mars Salon I found a gallery full of pictures of the *plein air* school, none of your treacly Leaders and woolly Henry Moores, but canvas on which earth and air and heaven palpitated with radiance till I sat down and drank the light and colour in a kind of intoxication. Everything else seemed dull or morbid—the interminable Tissot, with three or four hundred illustrations of the life of Christ, the everlasting St. Denis walking without his head—or distorted by that curious love of nightmare that lingers in French art, and reaches a hideous climax in a mass of naked bodies in cascades of blood and pyramids of flame, or in a fantastic medley of Wiertz-like abominations, in which a man with the upper part of his head sliced off is holding it in his hands and licking it! Nightmare is literally treated by a sculptor in an exquisitely-modelled figure of a sleeping woman, with features drawn by fright, who is pushing from her with a lovely hand a winged and gruesome beast that has set its claws in her leg. But this servitude of the beautiful to a delirious craze for sensation is a transient disease; the gaiety and simplicity and love of life which are pictured in the healthful glow of shining

landscape are enduring. It is one long and innocent debauch, this air of Paris. It seems to turn the very fountains into a nectar which would excite the suspicions of Sir Wilfrid Lawson; it draws strange perfumes from the trees, and sets you dreaming under the stars, or even under the roof of the Ambassadeurs, where Yvette Guilbert is singing by no means idyllic ballads. They are more at home here, those saucy *chansons*, than they were in the music-hall in Leicester Square. Somehow, the divine air of Paris gives them a fragrance not wholly earthy, and scatters blossoms on "*Les Demoiselles de Pensionnat*," whose naïve primness is suggested by Yvette with that vivid dramatic touch which makes poor Judie, warbling close by in the Alcazar, seem a round and comfortable nonentity. I say, despite all cynics, that there is a fragrance which escapes the poison of the chuckling echo from the citizen beside you, who is repeating some of Yvette's lines with the emphasis of a satyr. Let it be granted that in Paris you are never quite unconscious that a pair of hairy hoofs are performing a pirouette. They, too, are stimulated by the air like every other form of life, like the vivacity of the Deputies who made such a noise for the three hours I spent in the Chamber, that the voices of the ushers were constantly heard in imploring accents, "*Silence, Messieurs, s'il vous plaît!*" I suppose that if we had the same air in the House of Commons the Serjeant-at-Arms would walk up and down the floor exclaiming, "Silence, gentlemen, if you please!" If we had the same air Englishmen would not hide themselves in shells of frigid arrogance and taciturnity, and Englishwomen would not shudder when natural instinct peeps through the mask of prudery. I remember an excursion to St. Germain by steamer—not for the scenery, which is commonplace; not for the Seine, which is dirty and sluggish; not for the home of the exiled Stuarts, which is a stuffy museum full of Roman and Gallic remains, declared to be "*très gentil*" by a simple-minded priest and his young friends, who would have tranquilly applied the same phrase to Niagara. I remember that journey for the sake of the damsel in a pink cotton frock, a dainty creature, whose unaffected endearments with a fortunate young man, who caught my eye now and then with a look which plainly said, "Don't you think me a lucky dog?" excited the friendly and admiring interest of the spectators. When some wags in a passing boat, observing a tender passage, cried "*Ohé!*" the girl did not retire in the shamefaced confusion of British propriety; she kissed her hand to each of them, a stratagem which left criticism speechless. When we dined on deck in the evening, the simple gaiety of her happiness gave even the playful attempt to mix claret with pale ale a touch of poetry. Perhaps it was the fatherly enthusiasm of the proprietor of the excursion for so much charm that caused the oversight by which I received a bad two-franc piece in my change. I do not blame him. It was the air. And as I think of those two happy youngsters, I murmur, "*Soyez bénis, mes enfants!*" From the shores of perfidious and smoky Albion I greet you. Joy is your perpetual portion. It is that blessed air!"

L. F. AUSTIN.

SOME HOLIDAY LUGGAGE.*

Boating-men will find the first of Mr. Latey's companion volumes a congenial pocketful when going for an afternoon's "slack" up the river. Perhaps, too, it may serve to inspire when harder work is on hand, for the first word of the book is the electric "Go!" of the starter. With the familiar monosyllable the author starts us on a graphic description of a sculling race at Putney, and starts us, too, on a thrilling story, that flags not till the finish, which, however, is not heralded by a pistol-shot, but by the regulation wedding-bells. To tell the story would be to trench on the prospective pleasure of the reader, who must for himself make the acquaintance of the villainous De Bathe (whose appropriate ducking he will enjoy), the trusty Truman, the oarsman, who nearly gets his "skull" broken (on land), but lives to marry the heroine. He must visit, too, without us, "The Pandemonium," where the motto is "Brevity is the soul, not only of wit, but of dress." But together we may hob-a-nob with genial Mr. A. Harrison, the great manager of the Thespian, who "only wanted a good sentimental, sensational drama to win the rub of the season." He did it, too, by "A Narrow Escape."

By a curious slip, Mr. Latey attributes to Tennyson certain lines of the "Great Montrose." But such a detail will not dam "The River of Life," which should drive the author's mill merrily for days to come. "Love Clouds" gather thick enough through the other story, but they eventually clear away, and fair weather reigns when the nuptial bells ring out the last chapter. Ring they do, though up to the very last line one rather expected that the conclusion would be a pistol-shot, which would have been so appropriate and consistent in the other volume. Lovers of incident, sudden, unexpected, and impressive, will find their money's worth here, for Mr. Latey has proved no niggard in this respect. Those, too, who seek for original phrase, will not go empty away. "Sounding their battle-neighs, the wild sea-horses rear their gaunt heads as they near the rock" is, perhaps, the author's best effort in metaphor. Jean Pichot is a brave fellow and deserves his fisher-maiden. It should not be forgotten that the reader enjoys a visit to the Quartier Latin and the Bal Mabille without further outlay than the price of the book, which is his excursion ticket. It is of the eternal fitness of things that two stories so powerfully melodramatic are dedicated respectively to Sir A. Harris and Mr. G. R. Sims.

* "The River of Life" and "Love Clouds," By John Latey. London: Diprose, Bateman, and Co.



CAFÉ SKETCHES IN PARIS.
DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.

SMALL TALK.

The Queen was very glad to get away from Windsor, as, during the recent residence of the Court there has been a succession of entertainments at the Castle, and her Majesty feels the need of a rest. The Queen greatly dislikes pomp and ceremony, and this constant relay of visitors must have been a considerable trial to her. Everything, however, is done in the best style at Windsor, and the notable foreign guests must have been much struck by their reception. The dinners and wines are always worthy of the occasion—indeed, the cellar at Windsor is unsurpassed, not even excepting the wonderful *cave* of the German Emperor, while some of the clarets and heavier Rhine wines stored there have not their equal in the world. There is also a bin of Tokay (a wine which was an especial favourite with the late Prince Consort) which would fetch any price if it came into the market.

The Queen left Windsor on Thursday morning in the usual special train, which had been sent down from Paddington at an early hour, and

to Scotland they will proceed to Lady Cowell's place, Clifton Castle, near Ripon, where they will pass the autumn. Sir John Cowell will be kept specially busy during the next fortnight, as he has charge of all the arrangements in connection with the visit of the German Emperor, and the management of the dinner parties which the Queen is to give at Osborne in honour of his Majesty.

In view of the flutter which the royal baby and its christening have caused, the old print here reproduced, showing the Royal Family of nearly fifty years ago, looks far more old-fashioned than even the primitive conventions of its artist could make it, for how many changes have occurred in the interval! There have been not a few deaths, yet what a crowd the branches of the various members of the family to-day would make!

It may not, I think, be generally known that the White Lodge, in Richmond Park, where our future and much be-named Sovereign was recently christened, was once the residence of that excellent gentleman

The Queen. Princess Louise. Prince Albert.



Prince Alfred. Princess Helena.

THE ROYAL FAMILY.

Princess Alice. Princess Royal. Prince of Wales.

proceeded direct to the Clarence Yard, Gosport. The Queen walked from her saloon to the deck of the *Alberta*, leaning on the arm of one of the Indian domestics. There was an unusual quantity of luggage, and nearly half an hour was occupied in removing it from the train to the yacht. All the ships in the harbour were dressed rainbow fashion, but salutes had been prohibited.

The Queen is very strict about the Palace lists of guests that receive invitations to the State Balls and State Concerts, and early this season her Majesty personally revised the names, with the result that several people were not asked whom everybody had expected to meet at the Palace. In two instances earnest supplications for cards, by some very smart people indeed, met with a peremptory refusal, although backed by very powerful influence.

Prince and Princess Christian and Princess Victoria are to proceed from Goodwood to Osborne on a visit to the Queen, and will remain at Osborne House while the German Emperor is at Cowes.

Sir John and Lady Cowell have left the Master of the Household's residence at Windsor Castle for Devonshire Lodge, East Cowes, where they are to stay while the Court is at Osborne. When her Majesty goes

but "naughty politician" the first Viscount Sidmouth, known in the reign of George III. as the "King's Friend." It was from the King that the Viscount, then Mr. Addington, received the gift, and his Majesty wished to enclose sixty acres of the park to go along with the house, but this Mr. Addington declined, being content with about a twelfth part of such extensive acreage. The homely monarch had everything prepared in the house for his favourite, and himself welcomed Mr. and Mrs. Addington and their children to their new abode.

The fast expiring season is, according to many West-End tradesmen, one of the worst of the many bad ones of recent years. It is curious to note, under these depressing circumstances, that a season which is, apparently, a record one for badness in the matter of luxurious expenditure, should be one of the best in respect of the harvest reaped at charity dinners. The sum subscribed at the Middlesex Hospital banquet, where the Prince took the chair, was magnificent; but that given at the dinner of the Ormond Street Hospital was the greatest ever collected on such an occasion. So delighted was the Duke of York, the chairman, that I am told he drove off after the entertainment in high glee to Marlborough House to crow over his royal parent, who has never drawn such a sum in the many years of his patronage of deserving charities.



FACETIOUS GENT. : " You 've heard the royal baby ain't got all his fingers on one hand ? "

MR. DULLARD : " You don't say so. What a dreadful misfortune ! "

FACETIOUS GENT. : " Dreadful misfortune ! I should think so. You haven't got all yours on one hand, either ! "

[*In a quarter of an hour he sees it.*]

The Duke of York has this week cemented his connection with the Highland Agricultural Society, of which he is president, by attending its show, held this year in Aberdeen. He visits the show to-day, spending the night at Keith Hall, the beautiful Aberdeenshire mansion of the Earl of Kintore, Governor of South Australia. But it is not this that has interested me so much as a perusal of some of the Scotch newspaper accounts of the exhibits at the show. The man who passes contemptuously over the report of a cattle show, as reported, at any rate, in some country newspapers, misses much of the humour of existence. The lay mind, it is true, sees nothing in cattle to rouse the powers of eloquence, but that only shows the narrowness of the lay mind. The agricultural reporter deals with his subject with a loving tenderness and a wealth of superlatives that always take my breath away. For instance, I read of one cow which has "a beautiful countenance," and of another which is characterised as "a matron-looking female of rare quality, style, and breeding—a tip-topper, in fact"; while her half-sister is said to form one of four "remarkably sweet" heifers, "having beautiful shoulders and a deal of character." Another, which glories in the name of Catalina VI., is, I learn, "a very sweet three-year-old, at present in a lean condition, but sure to furnish out into a fine old matron." Of another it is said that "her head, neck, and shoulders are faultless, her touch of the highest order, while she is lengthy and straight as a line, and of fine bone—all over, a female that would make a breeder's mouth water!" And yet people say agriculture and everything belonging to it are depressing.

De mortuis nil nisi bonum. And there will scarcely be found on the face of the earth a mortal—Messieurs les Anarchistes always excepted—who had anything to say against M. Carnot even during his life. It is well to premise this apology to his memory, which is still fresh with us,

since the shadow stencil we illustrate here contains more of the humorous than of the serious element, and is closely connected with his election to the Presidency six years ago. Everyone will remember the amazement which Carnot's election created at the time, his name being almost unknown—it certainly was to the average person outside France. Such popular candidates as Floquet, Ferry, De Freycinet contested the place; even General Boulanger, who was then in the zenith of his glory, figured on the list. These were the men from among whom the President of the Republic was universally expected to arise. An all-wise Providence—alas! for the irony of Fate!—and the National Assembly chose Carnot, to the utmost wonderment of each and all. This popular astonishment found expression, among other things, in a very ingenious satiric device, a sketch of which I append. It is a cardboard stencil called "*Qu'est-ce que ça dit?*" (Sadi)—in English, "What does this mean?" Held between the light and a white surface a shadow is cast from the stencil which plainly exhibits a silhouette of the late President. The inventor of this was a penniless young artist, whose mind was as full of sorrows and troubles as his pockets were empty. It would appear, however, that his poverty in no way detracted from his interest in politics, for, before inventing this cardboard satire, he, too, must have been struck by the unexpected choice of M. Grévy's successor. Howbeit, he hit upon this idea, and in the execution of it was greatly assisted by the straight and angular features of M. Carnot, in whom clever caricaturists at once detected a most welcome subject for their art. This clever toy made the fortune of the young artist, who is credited with having netted by it £10,000, though the article was sold for the humble *sou*. At first the Parisian police thought fit to intervene, and actually stopped the sale of the article, on the ground that it would tend to create

disrespect for the new Chief of State among the populace. The young inventor then sought and obtained an audience of M. Carnot himself, who, after having listened to his tale of woe, and minutely inspecting the cause of his trouble with the guardians of the law, gave vent to a hearty laugh, and, highly amused, complimented the young man on his ingenious contrivance. Kind and generous, M. Carnot at once ordered that no interference whatever should be allowed with the sale of "*Qu'est-ce que ça dit?*" (Sadi).

Personally, I don't care two straws about mystic numbers of blissful or dire import, but, no doubt, some people will be interested to know that the number 7 is thought to have played an important part in the career of the late President Carnot. He was born in 1837, entered the École Polytechnique in 1857, was elected President of the Republic in 1887, and presided, May 17, 1894, at the centenary celebration of the École Polytechnique. Again, he was assassinated in the seventh year of his tenure of office, in a carriage containing seven persons, by a man in

whose name (Caserio) there are seven letters. Finally, he was borne in state to the Pantheon at the beginning of the seventh month of the year, seven days after his death.

The conversazione of Trinity College, last Wednesday, was another case of "living pictures": it was a contrast between "living pictures" in the persons of many gaily-dressed guests and the contents of the Exhibition of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, in whose galleries the gathering assembled. Sir Richard Webster, who is himself a most admirable musician, received the company, together with the Warden, Professor E. H. Turpin, and various members of the council. The musical programme was, in my judgment, far too lengthy and solid for an occasion like this. The string quartette which commenced it was as inappropriate for the beginning of a conversazione as it would be for roast beef and plum pudding to stand first on a menu: it was in no wise a remarkable piece of music. I shall not pretend to criticise the various selections in detail; my preferences were songs by Miss Bertha Acworth and Miss Rose Grosvenor Gooch, and the charming pianoforte solo played by Mr. Albert W. Ketelbey. This latter was a "Rhapsodie," composed by the promising Queen Victoria student himself. The gallery in which the music was given was filled to overflowing most of the time; indeed, I heard a plaintive remark from a lady, "We are three on two chairs!" In the throng I caught sight of Mr. Alfred H. Miles, that walking encyclopædia of anything relating to poets and poetry; Mr. James Ashcroft Noble, Sir Richard H. Paget, Bart., M.P., and hosts of the able professors of Trinity College.

Under the genial presidency of Mr. Bayard, the first diplomatist to hold the title of American Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, the Yale University Athletic Team was entertained at supper on the 17th. The Criterion Restaurant was chosen by the American colony in London as the scene of their hospitality, and harmony reigned supreme until "the wee sma' hours." On the chairman's right was the captain of the team, Mr. W. O. Hickok, whose name faintly recalls the Latin lessons of my school days. On the left of Mr. Bayard sat Sir Richard Webster, whose fame as a Varsity runner excels in the minds of sportsmen his reputation in law and politics. As befitted an American banquet, there were judges present of high degree, including the Chief Judge of the New York Court of Appeal. Sir John Puleston and Mr. Henry White were likewise at the supper. The decorations, of course, included the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack. Various songs and college ditties enlivened the very pleasant proceedings.

Master Ernest Toy, whose portrait appeared in these columns a little while ago, achieved wonderful success at the recent Eisteddfod. He won the first prize in the violin contest for adults, out of twenty-six competitors, the judges being Mr. John Thomas, the famous harpist, Mr. A. J. Caldicott, and Mr. George Miller. Master Toy won the first prize in the junior competition, the adjudicator being Mr. C. F. Lloyd.

How well I remember my first visit to the quaint little church of St. Michael at Mickleham, where, a few days ago, Miss Meredith, the daughter of our delightful though somewhat wordily-obscure novelist was married a few days since. I cannot imagine a more charming country church in which to perpetrate matrimony. As for antiquity, its history goes back to the Domesday Book, and in its arches, chancel, and western doorway it shows distinct traces of its Anglo-Norman origin. Mickleham, as many pedestrians and more cyclists know, is a village not far from that favoured holiday haunt, Box Hill. By-the-way, I am reminded that Box Hill rivals my favourite Sussex hill, Highdown, in more respects than one. The Surrey eminence, as well as the Sussex, is the burial-place of an eccentric mortal. Major Laballière, who lived at Dorking, was buried there at his great desire in the first year of the present century. This gentleman was buried head downwards, in order, as he said, that, "the world being topsy-turvy, he might be right at last."

TO THE "OLD LADY OF THREADNEEDLE STREET," ON HER 200TH BIRTHDAY, JULY 27, 1894.

"I know a bank," a solid bank and sure,
But yet thereon no jot of "wild thyme grows";
Its time is fixed from nine o'clock till four,
As all the business world of London knows.
Here be no "oxlips," yellow-hued and sweet,
Though "bulls" about this bank have often trod;
No "nodding violets" here find soft retreat,
Though the officials have been known to nod.
No scented zephyrs round about it play,
But there are drafts in plenty, large and small,
That stir the ledger leaves each working day,
And breathe of toil, not play, to one and all.
Here be no silver brooks, no golden sand,
And yet here ever flows a silver stream;
While hoards of gold are always at command,
Bright as the gravel of the Laureate's dream.
Here be no birds whose notes so sweet and true
Issue in liquid music from their throats;
Yet here they daily issue, crisp and new,
And musically rustling, sheaves of notes.
Bank that has seen two hundred twelvemonths fly,
What can I wish thee better at their close
Than a like lease of immortality
To Shakspeare's "bank whereon the wild thyme grows"?

W. C. F.

THE OLDEST LADY IN LONDON.

THE BICENTENARY OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

Many happy returns of the day to the oldest lady in London! Many happy returns to the "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street," whose natal day, as recorded on her charter, is July 27, 1694!

As long ago as 1658 a proposition for a national bank was made to Oliver Cromwell, but the death of the Lord Protector and the confusion

laid the unfortunate Deputy-Governor dead at William's feet. The capital with which the Bank of England started on its career was but £1,200,000, and this sum was subscribed between June 20 and July 3. The list of subscriptions lay at the Mercers' Chapel, and was headed by the names of William III. and Mary, though with no amounts underwritten, but there is little doubt that her Majesty subscribed £10,000. This interesting original manuscript list still exists in the archives of the great institution in Threadneedle Street.

The first Governor of the Bank of England was Sir John Houblon, who was Lord Mayor in 1696, and was descended from a Flemish merchant who fled to England to escape the persecutions of the brutal Alva

Sir John's father had died rich and respected, and two of the Governor's six brothers were among the first directors of the Bank. For two months the Bank carried on its business in the Mercers' Chapel, where its capital had been so promptly subscribed. Then for some forty years the head-quarters of its constantly increasing transactions were the Grocers' Hall, which was rented by the Governor and Company. In 1732 the house and garden of the first Governor, Sir John Houblon, were secured by the Bank, and there was laid the foundation-stone of a building which stood in the centre of what are now the vast premises (the buildings cover nearly three acres of ground), of which the existing central hall, where notes are cashed to the general public, formed a part. This building, designed by Mr. George Sampson, was completed in 1734. Half a century later it had been greatly enlarged, under the direction of Sir Robert Taylor, who built the really noble Court Room. In 1783, Sir John Soane, then Mr. Soane, became the architect to the Bank, and it was by him that most of the existing offices, which every

Londoner is so familiar with, were designed, and in them the characteristics of many world-famous classic buildings reproduced.

It may not be generally known that the Bank Garden—where, last summer, a garden party was given by the Governor—was once the "God's acre" of a City church, St. Christopher-le-Stocks, and that the church itself, the parsonage, and glebe—but, let us hope, not the parson—were swallowed up by the fast-developing "Lady of Threadneedle Street,"



THE BANK BEFORE THE CHURCH WAS PULLED DOWN.

consequent thereon prevented the serious consideration of the scheme. The project was again mooted in the days of the Merry Monarch, but Charles was probably too busy qualifying to deserve Rochester's witty epitaph—which was written during his lifetime—to entertain so wise a suggestion.

In 1691 a certain long-headed Scotchman, William Paterson, whose friends said that he had exercised the benevolent functions of a missionary in the West Indies, while his enemies affirmed that it was as a disciple of the pirate, Captain Kidd, that he figured in those golden latitudes, submitted a plan for a public bank to the Government; but, though it was, upon the whole, favourably received, the years slipped away, and nothing was done till the spring of 1694, when some method for meeting the expenses of the war in which England was then engaged had to be found.

Then the Scotch adventurer's scheme was taken up in good earnest by Montague and Michael Godfrey, the latter of whom was an opulent City merchant, and a brother of that Sir Edmondsbury Godfrey whose tragic death had so deeply stirred the Metropolis a few years before. Michael Godfrey in due time became the first Deputy-Governor of the Bank, and within a year had met an end almost as tragic as his brother's, having perished in the trenches before Namur, where, with two fellow directors, he had journeyed to see William III. on the business of transmitting the necessary supplies of money to the English army investing that place.

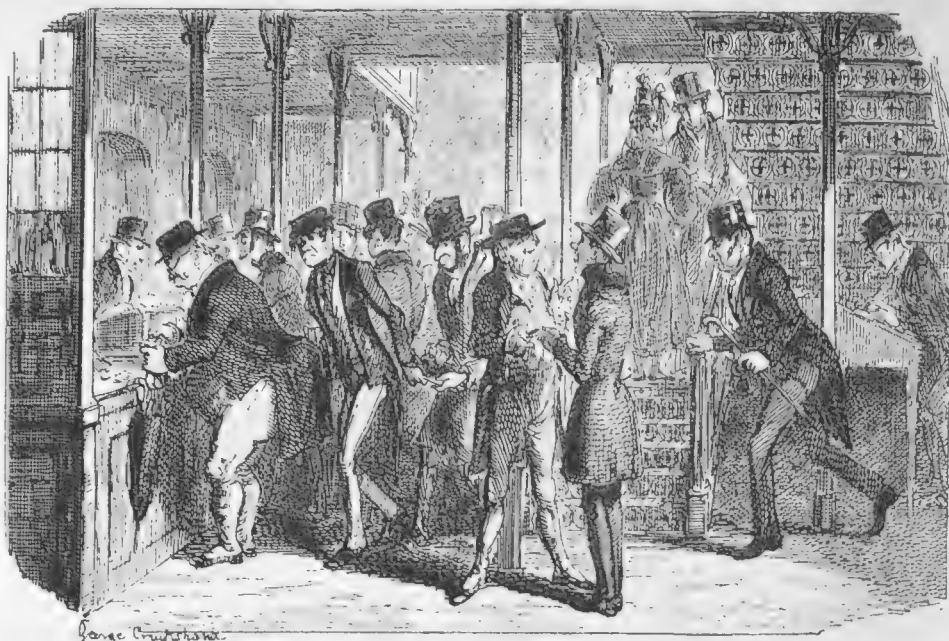
A morbid curiosity to see the fighting is stated to have led to his death. Even while the King remonstrated with him for his presence in the trenches, where that monarch directed the attack, a cannon-ball



THE GREAT HALL.—DRAWN BY ROWLANDSON.

who at the time these properties were acquired was more than a century younger than she is now. For sixty-four years from the date that its first note was issued the Bank was free from the unwelcome attention of the forger—at any rate, as far as its paper was concerned. To “a linen-draper bold,” one Vaughan of Stafford, belongs the doubtful credit of inventing this new path to the gallows, on which he expiated his new-fangled offence in 1758. Many have been his successors in the gentle art of note-forgery, but since the adoption of the admirable paper on which the notes are now engraved the difficulties have been too great for a forger to meet with much encouragement or success. Of other forgeries on the great corporation, the two most important are probably those of the banker Fauntleroy, which were discovered in 1824, which were principally by forged powers of attorney, and by which the loss to the Bank was estimated at £360,000, and the quite modern American swindle of 1872, when a quartette of clever Yankees made arrangements to rob the “Old Lady” through her branch in Burlington Gardens of some £100,000, and almost succeeded in their attempt, a trifling clerical error by one of the artistic forgers bringing about the ruin of their hopes. These gentlemen, the gallows being out of fashion for such offences, were all sentenced to penal servitude for life.

Of the Bank of England there have been ninety-nine Governors, Sir John Houblon, as above-mentioned, being the first, and Mr. David Powell, who is now filling the office for a second term, in consequence of the illness of the late Deputy-Governor, Mr. Clifford Wigram, whose lamented death has but recently occurred, the ninety-ninth. Of Chief Cashiers, fifteen have flourished, the first of whom, John Kenrick,



TRANSFER DAY AT THE BANK.

modest staff was fifty-four, and its yearly expenditure in salaries some £4350. How the business of this great corporation has increased, in spite of the attacks levelled against it in its early days by interested schemers, in spite of the “runs” which have, now and again, in periods of financial wreck, tried its resources to the uttermost, in spite of such storms as swept over it but a few months since, may be estimated from the fact that at the present time the servants of the “Old Lady” in Threadneedle Street and its branches number 1062, inclusive of messengers, but exclusive of seven lady clerks, who have but recently been appointed. To the outside public the Bank always appears to be a place of interest, and many are the applications made to “go over” the establishment; but the Governors are chary of giving “paper,” especially since the dynamite outrages of recent years. Still, by the exercise of a little trouble and tact, law-abiding citizens may obtain “orders to view,” may see the wonderful machinery in the gold weighing-room, may feast their eyes on vast quantities of gold and silver, enjoy the dubious privilege of grasping a million sterling in one hand for the space of a minute, and glance at the principal departments in the huge group of buildings, which, in the words of its first and ill-fated Deputy-Governor, is certainly “one of the best establishments that ever was made for the good of the kingdom.”

But however generally the British public may now endorse the encomium pronounced on the Bank by its first Deputy-Governor, there have been periods, as hinted above, when a strong feeling of distrust, encouraged by interested persons, has pervaded the community. An acute attack of this nature was experienced by this great corporation in the early part of 1797, when the alarm on the subject of a French invasion was deep and universal. An Order in Council restrained the Bank from paying its notes in cash, and the virtuous George III. was summoned from Windsor in haste, and for the first time during his reign transacted business on a Sunday. For a time no payments whatever were made in cash, and great was



“I KNOW A BANK” (A CONSOL-ATORY REFLECTION).

occupied that important post but seven days, while the last, Mr. Horace George Bowen, succeeded Mr. Frank May eight months ago. Forty-one years is the longest reign recorded of any one Chief Cashier; it is that of the third, Thomas Madoakes, who filled that office from 1698 to 1739.

When the Bank began its operations in the Mercers' Chapel, its

Bank of the Great Wizard of the World.
TEMPLE OF NATURAL MAGIC & VENTRILOQUISM.
 154624 *Apollonius* who had 154624
 to appear before Her Majesty the Queen & the
 Royal Family begs respectfully to announce that he will
 give a Unique Drawing Room Entertainment at the Strand
 Theatre, June 1st and every evening until further notice.
 Doors open at 7^{1/2} past 7, commence at 8 o'clock.
 Every Saturday at 2 o'clock a Grand Morning Performance.
 This Note of **FIFTY POUNDS**,
 will be presented to those who will patronize him with their
 presence.
 For Particulars See Advertisement
 and Hand Bills. *Signor Apollonius.*

Bank of Elegance
 No 230 to Cut or Dress any Lady's
 or Gentleman's Hair on Demand in
 the First style of Art here or elsewhere
 8, West Blackhall St
 Greenock, 1st September 1892
FRED WATSON.
Perfumer &c

the consternation. It is not surprising that the famous caricaturist Rowlandson illustrated this event, as he did most of the striking occurrences of his day, with a facile and biting pencil. Such crises, let us hope, have passed away for ever. In these days we should expect their return as little as that of Rowlandson's strange cashier, who, in



MISS WHITEHEAD, THE BANK NUN.

our illustration, confronts a disgusted public. The Bank directorate has always been of the most loyal character, and the Bank has been an important factor in those public displays in the Metropolis which have celebrated many a joyful event in the history of our Royal Family. When George III. celebrated his jubilee in 1809, the Bank took its part in the rejoicings, and our artist has represented the centre-piece of a great transparency which, I believe, was used on that auspicious occasion. The jubilee of our own Queen, in 1887, gave the "Old Lady" another admirable opportunity to decorate her ancient person in honour of her august mistress, while the effective illuminations in Threadneedle Street on the wedding evening of the Duke of York and Princess May are fresh in the memory of every Londoner. That the Bank of England may in the distant future celebrate the jubilee of the newly-born heir to the English throne is a fitting wish with which to end this brief history of an institution whose world-wide renown has added no little to the credit of the British nation.

W. C. F.

THE BANK'S ILLUMINATIONS
FOR THE RECOVERY OF GEORGE III.

A BANK CARTOON BY ROWLANDSON.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

THE BACHELOR GIRL.*

Miss Hunt calls her book "a novel in dialogue," and, even if it had no other interest, it would raise an attractive issue of literary workmanship. Properly speaking, it is not a novel at all. A story without narrative, analysis of character, and that background of pure description in which great writers interweave elemental Nature with human destiny, is shorn of some of the most impressive attributes of the novelist's art. It may be argued, too, that the employment of dialogue alone relieves the writer of some serious responsibilities, shirks the difficulty of construction, the delicate handling of motives, and a variety of troubles in the economy of artistic proportion. Very good; but a story told in dialogue has no small difficulties of its own. It is drama without the help of actors, drama which has to make a sequence of incidents carry a continuous and coherent narrative, and to develop the individuality of the *dramatis personæ* with vivid suggestions of their surroundings, so that the reader finds himself filling up the gaps with descriptive matter. To do this well is a considerable triumph, and Miss Hunt has done it exceedingly well. As a change from some eminent authors, who pack their volumes with elaborate prose about their characters, but rarely allow the poor things to get a word in edgeways, Miss Hunt's dialogue, fresh, sparkling, and admirably natural, is to me a bracing tonic. All the people are alive; all, or nearly all, the incidents are contrived with such significance of drift that you are never puzzled about the course of events, but feel that the story is telling itself with perfect simplicity and directness. There is an artful soliloquy now and then, which is worth a whole chapter of laborious dissection. When the Maiden, an arrant little flirt in her first bloom, is kissed very early in her career by a military gentleman she has known about an hour, she discourses on this alarming episode with a candour which has a haunting reminiscence of Marie Bashkirtseff. I know I am in danger of over-praise; but the stoniest of reviewers may be moved to comparative rhapsody without shame when he gets so piquant a sensation.

In her story Miss Hunt has ingeniously compacted all the elements of a familiar controversy: the "revolting daughter," the *Wanderjahr* of the undomesticated beauty, who paints a little, scribbles a little, skirt-dances a little, has a latchkey in the Strand, and very nearly visits a music-hall. Mary Elizabeth Maskelyne, better known as Moderna, is the eldest daughter of a professor, who is as absent-minded as Mr. Willard in Mr. Barrie's comedy. The professor has a secretary, Moderna's cousin, who incautiously proposes to her when she "comes out" at eighteen, and has to wait nine years for his next opportunity. A patient man, Edward, afterwards Lord Coniston, a regular *Fabius* of a lover, who observes the divagations of the Maiden from the hills, so to speak, and does not swoop till she is at the end of her adventures, and tired to death of her independence. She begins by doting on an actor—the usual craze. A girl friend "wears his photograph as Caliban next her heart." Having frightened an aunt into fits by pretending to take laudanum, Moderna desolates the affections of divers young men, and gives an impressionist sketch of the process to "a perfect stranger" she meets at a *bal masqué*. The next phase of a feverish personality is in the studio of an art teacher, who says she has talent and no enthusiasm. She does not stay there long. Then comes the episode of the military gentleman who, having kissed her, wants to marry her; but, as he ought to be the property of a friend of hers, Moderna loyally takes to flight. There are several flights in her eventful history. An artist, one Ned Tremaine, brother of a lady journalist with a cropped head, proposes to escort her to a music-hall. She dines with him at an Italian restaurant, having first telegraphed to *Fabius* Coniston to meet her at the Tivoli. She sits down to dinner in three veils, and on arriving at the music-hall

coolly dismisses Tremaine, seeks refuge under Coniston's guardianship, and then, with exquisite inconsequence, sulks because he refuses to take her in. It is not quite clear, perhaps, why dining at an Italian restaurant with the brother of one of her intimate friends should strike Moderna as an impropriety demanding three veils. Nor, while I sympathise with the artist, do I see much point in his revengeful observation as he leaves her: "At any rate, you have dined with me at Nicolini's—that will be something to remember." I hope no unsophisticated reader will infer from this that there is anything dark and sinister in an Italian restaurant. It is a harmless place, extremely inexpensive, and to be avoided, not for its morals, but for the monotony of macaroni. Any Maiden might visit it, even with a painter, and suffer no remorse. It is not upon the conscience that the memory of Asti at five shillings a bottle is apt to brood. Moderna ran much more risk when she engaged herself to Arthur Deverel, a delightful specimen of the British young man whose ideal picture of domestic bliss is the housewife warming her husband's slippers. This is how the betrothed pair get on together in the course of a walk—

MODERNA. But I do really mean to learn skirt-dancing. Don't you think I could do it rather well? I'm not a bit stiff, I can twist any way.

[Looks as if she were going to begin that very minute.]

DEVEREL (*fondly*). You shall, dear, and dance it for me, your husband, alone.

MODERNA (*with modified enthusiasm*). Ah! (*Walks on in silence. A fire-engine rattles by.*) Oh, look, Arthur, it's going down there! Let's go and see the fire. We must! . . .

DEVEREL. But, dearest, it is quite out of the question. There will be an awful crowd.

MODERNA. Of course; that's half the fun. Do let's— (*To a small boy.*) Tell me the way to the fire.

THE BOY. Only a chimbley in Montpelier Square, Miss. It's out nearly.

DEVEREL. Please, Moderna, don't speak to little boys in the street.

MODERNA (*submissively*). All right, dear. (*Makes a sudden dive between three converging omnibuses. He joins her on the opposite side.*) I love getting right under the horse's noses, don't you? It's so exciting!

DEVEREL. Yes, dear; only my trousers are covered with mud.

The Maiden, who in some respects is not quite so modern after all, says that when she is married she will read Droz and De Maupassant and Zola, on which the British young man remarks "with violence" that he had rather his wife lay dead at his feet than that she should read Zola. Naturally, this engagement is brief, and Moderna continues her devastation among the *bric-à-brac* of manly hearts. She takes up her quarters over an aërated bread shop in the Strand with Dolly Tremaine,

who says "they will enjoy life and drink its cup to the dregs"—decidedly a touch of hyperbole, although there is an Anarchist on the second floor, and Moderna suggests that he shall be invited to bring his bombs for them to play with. Her most thrilling adventure is behind the curtain in a billiard-room, where she hears a conversation which shows that the broken *bric-à-brac* may turn like the vernal. The average man has had enough of Moderna, and speaks his mind with something less, perhaps, of the freedom habitual to the *genius loci*, but still with painful explicitness. This experience, together with the disillusion of seven-and-twenty, prompts Moderna to the discovery that she has really loved Coniston for years; and so, after the last turn of the independent latchkey, she ends her "progress" in that strategist's arms.

This brief outline gives no idea of the varied character in the book—of Billy Danvers, the typical boy; of Peggy, Moderna's youngest sister, whose philosophy at fifteen is most entertaining reading; of Moderna's mother, whose review of the position from the maternal standpoint is a diverting mixture of simplicity, sagacity, and resignation. There is scarcely a page without a good thing, a bit of keen observation, a happy phrase. Possibly, this *Wanderjahr*, even in its most vivacious passages, may strike some as much ado about nothing; but, then, Moderna is not Paulette, and "le flirt," even with the aid of a latchkey, is not so terrible in London as a French novelist assures us in a solemn preface it has become among the Modernas of Paris. L. F. AUSTIN.



MISS VIOLET HUNT.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.



MISS FINLINSON.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. BASSANO, OLD BOND STREET, W.

MR. ARTHUR WILLIAMS.

Photographs by A. Bassano, Old Bond Street.

Mr. Arthur Williams, whose name is familiar to playgoers in all parts of the kingdom, was born in December, 1844. His father, whose house stood on the spot where the Agricultural Hall is now—and Mr. Williams himself still lives in Islington—was a gentleman learned in the law; but his mother was a lady learned in the play, and she interested his early years by recitations from the dramatists instead of the usual lullabies. He was apprenticed to a law-stationer in Portugal Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields; but his heart was not with the scribes. He found more congenial society in a dramatic club, with which he made his first appearance on the boards at the Eclectic Theatre, Soho, as Charles Danvers in "The Unfinished Gentleman." His life then began in grim earnest, and was as full of incident and vicissitude as Goethe's Wilhelm Meister, with which Thomas Carlyle in his translation has made us familiar. The first professional engagement he obtained was at the Theatre Royal, Gravesend, December, 1862, in the character of the Woodcutter in "The Corsican Brothers," where his chips were fifteen shillings a-week. He next joined a company at the Theatre Royal, Rochester, and for a fortnight's service realised the munificent sum of half-a-crown. He can afford to smile at these experiences now; but it was no joke for him to tramp to London with twopence in his pocket, and his carpet bag slung over his shoulder from a short Roman sword, and recite Othello's apology for twopennyworth of bread-and-cheese *en route*. He next toured with various companies through the provinces, where his talents were readily appreciated, and, returning to town, he opened at Sadler's Wells Theatre in a new drama, entitled "Light in the Dark," on Easter Monday, 1869. Still better things were in store for him, and in October of that year he opened an eight months' engagement at the Theatre Royal, Birmingham, where he supported, among other stars, the



MR. ARTHUR WILLIAMS AS LURCHER IN "DOROTHY."

late Samuel Phelps, Charles Mathews, Benjamin Webster, Barry Sullivan, and Sothorn, and also Sims Reeves. He was now fairly on the high road to distinction in his profession. In October, 1873, he commenced a long engagement with Mr. George Conquest at the Grecian Theatre, playing leading parts in pantomime in conjunction with his old

friend Mr. Herbert Campbell. Mr. Arthur Williams as Lurcher in "Dorothy," at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, will be well remembered. This part originally was only a minor one of thirty-six lines, but he made his name famous by his funny gags and extending it by as many pages. Mr. Williams, however, does not like what he calls tomfoolery, and much prefers acting serio-comic parts requiring study and giving



AS CORPORAL BUNDY IN "THE RED HUSSAR."

a faithful portrayal of character. His creation of Octavius Dell in "The Jackal," at the Strand Theatre, in 1889, is much more to his taste. Mr. Williams, having completed his engagement at the Adelphi, has entered on management for himself, and he has been vastly amusing our country cousins.

THE HEROINE OF TO-DAY.

An American writer has been summing up the heroine of the latest fiction in an amusing way. Every year, he declares, we get something new in the way of novel heroines. She is generally a type of the day, and, as the majority of us like to read about what we know a little of, we begin by being interested in her. But before the year is out she is done to death, and even at seven cents a copy we are sick and tired of her. This year she is a clever, beautiful, bloodless creature, who at twenty-two is bored to death with everything except mountain storms, scientific studies, and suicides. This year she has ceased to be a chatterer: she speaks only in epigrams. This year she is not given to tears; about once in 700 pages her body is shaken with great, tearless sobs. This year she is not a flirt; she is cold, indifferent—very often absolutely rude. This year she beats the record for eccentricity; she drives tandem, smokes, goes out at night in ball costume, refuses to bear the burden of matrimony, and objects to her husband having a past—an article which used to be considered almost indispensable. Her source of income is not mentioned, but it comes in apparently with beautiful regularity. In spite of her eccentricities and tandems, and playing the mischief generally, she gets along all right, and when she commits suicide it isn't because she isn't having a good time, but because she isn't going to accept her good time with the complacency that any ordinary woman would. She objects to be happy like ordinary cabbage-rose women; so she takes laudanum out of pure cussedness. What will the next type be like? Our novels used to end with marriage; now they begin with it. Our heroines of the past year have been all married women; maidens are out of it. Why not take up the middle-aged woman next, and invest her with some romance; she'd be a change.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

A GOVERNMENT CLERK.

BY EDITH JULIA BAIN.

"Gentleman to see you, Sir. Says it's very important, but he wouldn't send up his name."

The individual addressed flung a bundle of papers tied with red tape at his fellow-clerk, and then followed the messenger downstairs, two steps at a time, into the waiting-room of Somerset House.

"George Gleeson!" he exclaimed.

"Yes," answered his visitor; "it's your cousin George, and I haven't the slightest doubt you are disgusted to see me. Where's my money?"

"Your money? What money?"

"Half of the money that my grandfather left. Come, I'm not so greedy as you. I don't want the whole. You need not pretend innocence, because you know all about it."

"But grandfather left no will."

"Just so; and therefore his estate ought to have been divided among his two remaining relatives—you and me. Consequently, I claim half his property."

"He left no property, George, I assure you. I had to maintain him during his illness, and, although it is four months since he died, I have only just paid off his funeral expenses."

"Charles Gleeson, I don't believe you. My grandfather was a rich man. I have never liked you, but I have not previously had reason to doubt your honesty, or think you would rob me at a time when I am so sorely in need of money."

"I will be as frank on my side, George. I don't particularly care for you, but I could not refuse money to my only remaining relative if I had



"And she would call you a liar," said Charles Gleeson, calmly, as his cousin left the room.

it in my pocket. The truth is I am about to be married, and we have just been furnishing a flat, so that I have really no available cash. I might, however, get a loan of a few shillings from one of the fellows upstairs, although it is within forty-eight hours of pay-day."

"It pleases you to be sarcastic, Sir; I want my property, not a loan, and your statement that you are about to be married confirms my belief that you have taken money which is not your own. Why did you not get married before?"

"Because my grandfather supported me when I was young. I was bound to do the same for him when he was old."

"All very fine. A man with his income wanted a vast amount of support, I expect."

"He had no income, and he saved no money. Don't you believe—"

"Well, well—it's a——"

"Look here, George, if we are not to be friends, we needn't, at any rate, be open enemies. Suppose you come to my wedding next week?"

"If I come to your wedding it will be to congratulate the lady you are engaged to on her marriage with a thief!"

"And she would call you a liar," said Charles Gleeson, calmly, as his cousin left the room.

Heedless of the injunction that smoking is not allowable in office hours, the Government clerk strode upstairs and lit a cigarette. Interviews such as had just terminated are not conducive to a peaceful frame of mind. He made some coffee, threw away his cigarette and lit another, assisted in a game somewhat similar to cricket, which is played with rulers and official papers, and finally asked his chief for an hour's leave, on the ground that he had a headache.

He strolled up and down the Embankment two or three times. Then it struck him that he wanted a fresh tie, and he walked up Chancery Lane to his favourite shop in Holborn.

On his way he stopped, for right in front of him stood his cousin, talking to a short, sandy-haired, clean-shaven man with sharp green eyes which reminded Gleeson of a little black Persian kitten belonging to his lady-love. He watched the two men as they went together into the building opposite; then he read the names upon the door. A harness-maker occupied the shop; the next floor was tenanted by an architect; a solicitor had rented the rooms above, and nearest the sky were the offices of a shorthand writer and a private detective. Charles instinctively felt that it was the last-named person his cousin had called to see. He could not have explained the reasons which led him to this conclusion, but he would have cheerfully betted £100 that this was the case, although he had not as many pence in his pocket. Thoughtfully and slowly, he sauntered back to the office without purchasing a tie.

A man with two five-pound notes in his pocket, and several odd pounds in addition, feels, as a rule, at ease with himself and all the world. Consequently, when his cousin called, four days later, and some time after pay-day, Charles Gleeson was in a particularly good humour.

"What do you want now, old fellow? Changed your mind about the loan, eh? But don't be too severe on me, because you know I've got my honeymoon expenses to meet, and six weeks' hotel bills isn't a——"

"I haven't come for any loan. As I told you before, all I want is my own property. I can prove now that you had—yes, Sir, and that you have—some of grandfather's money, and I insist on your handing half of it over to me."

"Prove on, my dear fellow. No; on second thoughts, don't, because I really haven't the time to waste. You've no idea the amount of work a man has to get through before he is married."

"You never will be married—not, at least, until you pay me over the money you owe me."

"Well, my future wife is worth her weight in gold, but I really don't see what right you have to demand from me payment for her. If it were her father, now——"

"I tell you that until you have handed me over half the twenty pounds you put in the London and Southminster Bank on Wednesday you will not marry Miss Wiltshire."

Charles Gleeson emitted a low whistle, expressive both of astonishment and defiance. "I'd like to know how you're going to prevent it," he said.

"I know how; but you had better not try me too far, Charles. If you like to admit that the twenty pounds you put into the bank was grandfather's money I'll square the thing for seven pounds."

"But I've told you before that grandfather left no money."

"Prove to me, then, that the twenty pounds came from a different source."

"What twenty pounds?"

"The twenty pounds you paid into the bank on Wednesday. You are asking these questions to gain time to invent a lie."

"I did nothing of the sort, and have never had a banking account with the London and Southminster. My salary isn't sufficient to do more than meet current keep expenses, let alone putting twenty pounds away, and I have no other source of income."

"You deny that you went to the Bank on Wednesday?"

"Yes, I do."

"I can prove it, Sir; but I will not prove it to you, as your time is so valuable. I will prove it to Miss Wiltshire."

"Oh, go and be shot! Where's the messenger? Look here, Slowman, show this man out, and if he calls again I'm not here. Do you understand?"

"Another disturbing interview," he said to himself as he gained his own room. "If this sort of thing goes on I'll ruin myself with cigarettes, and then Nellie and I won't be able to travel first-class when we go off on our wedding tour. But what's the use of bothering

about George? If he told the most plausible lies in creation, Nellie wouldn't believe him: only I don't like the idea of his worrying the poor darling. Wonder whether he knows her address and how he discovered her name? I don't think I told him. Perhaps he got it from the private detective. Marvellous what those fellows can find out!"

The next day he knew that his cousin had discovered Nellie's address, for he received a letter from her couched in somewhat different terms to those she usually addressed to him. "My dear Charles," it began, "Will you kindly let me know from whom you received the twenty pounds which I have proved to my own satisfaction you paid into the bank on Wednesday?"

As soon as an adjoining clock pealed out the hour of five, Charles Gleeson put on his hat, and, without waiting to get his tea, walked down

nothing at all for any inquisitive neighbours who might be peeping from behind their blinds.

And she? Well, there are times when a woman would not believe in a man's guilt if she had the evidence of it before her eyes. She returned his kisses with equal warmth.

Nearly twenty minutes passed before either of them thought of the letter which had brought him in such hot haste to her side. Then she said—

"I sent you a letter to-day, Charlie."

"I know you did, my love, and here it is. Shall I destroy it?"

"Please. It was wrong of me to write it, I know; but your cousin made me believe what he said. He swore positively, and so did the detective, that you had put twenty pounds in the London and South-

minster Bank, and he showed me a letter which seemed to prove that you had. Then he told me that you denied it. And what was I to think? You didn't deny it, did you, dear?"

"But I did, and I do, dear. I am as positive that I haven't twenty pounds in the London and Southminster Bank as I am that you are in my arms."

"But, love, the detective was a member of a financial inquiry agency, which would hardly risk its credit by putting down upon paper something that was not true. Would it?"

"I suppose not. Well, love, it's a mystery, and a very funny one. What a good thing it is for us that there is no murder about it! I felt uncommonly like killing that old cousin of mine, though, as I came down in the train to-night. If you begin by believing in me, dear, we two together will be able to bear up against, and perhaps elucidate, any mystery on earth; but if you go on a contrary tack, and don't put faith in me, there will be misunderstandings on both sides, and misunderstandings lead often to estrangement and sorrow. Now tell me all about the man from the financial inquiry agent's."

"He came with your cousin, love, who told me a long story about your grandfather having left some money which ought to have been equally divided between you. George said he had asked you if you had any money, and you replied that all your savings had been spent on furnishing. Then he put the matter in the hands of a private detective, who discovered that twenty pounds was put into the London and Southminster Bank on Wednesday in your name. Thereupon he asked you—civily, he said—where you had got the twenty pounds, and you told him the money was not yours."

At that moment Nellie Wiltshire withdrew herself hastily from the interesting position in which she had been reposing, and held out her hand for a card which the housemaid brought into the garden.

"It's your friend Mr. Clark, Charlie. I wonder what he wants to see me for. You'll come in, won't you?"

Then the two lovers went into the drawing-room, where their visitor was seated.

"Ah, Gleeson, thought I should find you here!" he said. "I came to wish you all happiness, for I shall not be in London when the great event comes off. I am going down to Plymouth on business."

"Thank you, Clark; I am sure we shall be happy."

"My dear fellow, I don't doubt it. You'd be happy with or without money, but every couple ought to have a little nest-egg to begin with."

"Yes," answered Gleeson, wonderingly.

"Your fellow-clerks, who have always found you a good honest fellow, free from cant, and ready to oblige, have put their heads and money together. As a result, I was able to put twenty pounds in the London and Southminster Bank for you on Wednesday. Here is your pass-book."

Gleeson stared at his office-mate for a few moments in dazed surprise. Then he looked at his sweetheart, and both broke into loud peals of laughter.



"Here is your pass-book."

to the Temple Station to catch the first available train to Ealing, where Miss Wiltshire had her abode. He could hardly remain still in the crowded carriage, so impatient was he to get to his journey's end, and he found it altogether impossible to read the evening paper with which he had provided himself. He read his sweetheart's letter several times, hoping almost against hope to discover in it something which would convince him that he had been making a mistake. He compared it with another letter of hers he had in his pocket, and tried to think that the writings were not alike—all, alas! to no purpose. Then he put the letters aside with an exclamation of impatience as he discovered that the train had not yet reached Hammersmith Station.

But the longest journey, even on the District Railway, comes to an end, and no one could have covered the ground which lay between the station and Nellie Wiltshire's home in a shorter time than it took him to get there. He found her out in the garden, watering the plants at dusk. All remembrance of her letter and his cousin George faded out of his mind at sight of her. He took her in his arms and kissed her, caring



MISS IRENE IRIS.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, DUBLIN.

AN INTERVIEW WITH "MADGE," OF "TRUTH."

Mrs. Humphry, better known as "Madge," of *Truth*, lives in a cosy house in Maida Hill, and there a representative of *The Sketch* lately sought her out.

She is rather tall (writes our interviewer), with a kindly, clever face, well-cut features, a bright complexion, and fair hair, now almost grey. Her manner is pleasant and unaffected; she delights in a good story, and an abundant share of the proverbial Irish wit seasons her conversation when circumstances call it forth.

"You must not say you found me very untidy," she said laughingly as I entered.

"Certainly not," was the reply, "for it would not be true."

"Oh, but it would! You see, I have been trimming a bonnet—I delight in millinery—hence this litter of needles and threads and ribbons."

"Well, I shall be discreet. You must be accustomed to being interviewed, Mrs. Humphry?"

"To a certain extent, no doubt. I once had an amusing experience in that way. A young lady called on me from a certain paper. She talked and talked, telling me all about herself, her family, and her prospects, until at last, by way of a gentle reminder, I said, 'If you care to ask me any questions I shall be pleased to answer them.' 'Oh, no! thank you,' was the reply, 'you are individualising yourself very satisfactorily.'"

"I shall take the hint, Mrs. Humphry, and, to begin, how has your new book, 'Housekeeping,' succeeded?"

"Very well indeed, so far. The critics have been most kind though one paper did find fault with me for saying that a footman should be told to say 'Madam,' and not 'Ma'am,' to visitors, a remark, by-the-way, that I never made; while another objected to my saying that young wives should not begin by spoiling their husbands, and told me I was very hard on the men."

"I suppose it was a case of reviewing against time."

"No doubt, but I cannot find fault with the hasty critic; I had too much to do in that way myself when first I began. Fancy having only ten minutes to review a three-volume novel, the book being taken from you and sold at the end of the time!"

"That was hard both on you and on the author."

Just then Mrs. Humphry's only child, Pearl, a bright little girl of ten or eleven, as fond of reading and writing as is her mother, came in from the pretty garden, that looks so cheerful from the windows of Mrs. Humphry's drawing-room, and brought with her two small friends. We all sat down to tea, which Mrs. Humphry, like a true Irishwoman, enjoys, and makes to perfection.

"Pearl," said Mrs. Humphry, "spends most of her time with me. My great aim is to make these days happy for her, and by keeping her unruffled enable her to grow up calm and serene. I believe that the worry children sometimes have to endure in the nursery has an evil effect on them in after life. They become excitable, highly strung, mere bundles of nerves that jar at every touch."

Pearl, by-the-way, shows the wisdom of her mother's training.

"You are from the north of Ireland, are you not?" I asked.

"Yes; I was born in the pretty town of Londonderry, where my father, the Rev. James Graham, was one of the clergymen attached to the Cathedral. He died when I was very young, and my childhood was chiefly spent at my stepfather's place, some little distance from the town."

"Your maiden name is distinctly Scotch?"

"Yes; our family is the same as that of John Graham of Claverhouse."

"Bonnie Dundee?"

"Bonnie Dundee. Here is his portrait."

Mrs. Humphry handed me a contemporary print of Claverhouse, a youthful, handsome countenance, slightly effeminate, perhaps, in flowing wig and ruffles. The contour of the face was not unlike that of Mrs. Humphry herself, and I said so.

"It was given to me on that account," she replied. "I do not think there is much similarity now; but it is very like what I used to be.

Many years ago a friend saw it without observing the name attached, and, being struck by the resemblance, determined to buy it for me. Only when she entered the shop did she see that the portrait was inscribed 'Graham of Claverhouse.' My grandfather was the Rev. John Graham, Rector of Magilligan, who wrote an often-quoted history of the siege of Derry. He corresponded with Sir Walter Scott, and a pile of the great novelist's letters were for a long time preserved in the family, but are now, unhappily, lost."

"What a pity! Is there no chance of finding them?"

"I fear not. Every effort was made of late years, but without success."

"Now please tell me something of your journalistic career."

"My annals, like those of the poor, are short and simple. My sister married and settled in London. I came over to her, and, having always had a taste for writing, began journalistic work in 1872, in conjunction with Mrs. Briggs, who was my sponsor in literary life. Those were days when the woman journalist can scarcely be said to have existed. 'Women's topics' were narrowed down to the sphere of home, the world not having opened out to them then in the remarkable way it has done of late years. Something of this expansion is due, I am sure, to the influence of the pen wielded by journalists of our sex.

At the time, the few ladies who contributed to newspapers confined themselves entirely to domestic matters, and very few papers of any importance had a column for women's reading. I worked with Mrs. Briggs till 1874."

"And then?"

"Then I took over the editorship of *Sylvia's Journal* and of two other magazines belonging to Ward and Lock. It was very hard work, but I held it until 1888. My connection with *Truth* began, fortunately for me, at what might be called the psychological moment. The professional beauty had just come into notice, and all the world was wild for society news. The idea was fresh then, and people did not seem able to have too much of it. A woman's hand touched such matters with more lightness than a man's, and it was well for those who were ready to make an opening."

"You were lucky, Mrs. Humphry."

"Yes; I am lucky, not only for myself, but for others, and, pleasant as the first is, it is even more delightful to be the means of bringing good fortune to one's friends."

"You write for the *Daily News*, do you not, as well as for *Truth*?"

"Yes; on dress, food, and social subjects."

"Your time must be pretty well occupied?"

"I am the busiest woman in London," said my hostess.

"What do you think of the Press as a career for women?"

"I know of none better—for those who have the special gifts.

No doubt, it is wearing and exacting to a great degree, but then you must remember that we are more or less pioneers, and that the difficulties we have had and still have to encounter will be considerably lessened for those who come after us. A woman must now work harder than a man to get a footing in the first instance, and to earn a similar income in the second; but, granted that she has the necessary qualifications, and lives somehow through her probation, there are few professions at which she can make as much money. There are not many other occupations that bring in to a woman £300 a-year; in fact, it takes a very exceptional woman to obtain as much by painting or tuition. As I have implied, however, it is not of the least use for anyone to take up journalism who has not the necessary qualifications, including robust health. It only overcrowds a profession that is already inconveniently full, and brings bitter disappointment to the aspirant."

"Do you find that women who are thus forced to lead a public life are sometimes deficient in the softer qualities, that by dint of struggling they become aggressive and pushing?"

"Sometimes; but that depends very much on the woman, and, after all, the life is hard. It seems to me that girls should remember that they are gentlewomen first and journalists after."

Six o'clock struck while we chatted, and so, with many thanks to Mrs. Humphry, I bade her good-bye.

c. o'c. e.



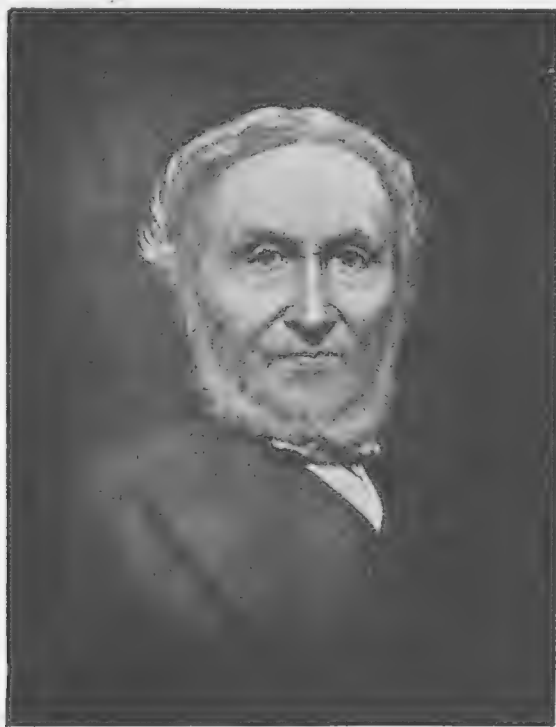
Photo by Frances Browne, Regent Street.

MRS. HUMPHRY.

SOME LONDON PUBLISHERS.

III.—MESSRS. MACMILLAN AND CO.

Probably no modern publishing house in this country can justly claim so remarkable a record as that of the firm of Macmillan and Co. The story itself is quite one of to-day, as publishing houses go, for it dates only back to 1843, when the two brothers Daniel and Alexander Macmillan



MR. ALEXANDER MACMILLAN.

From an Oil Painting by Hubert Herkomer, R.A.

took a shop at 57, Aldersgate Street, London. These two young men, like so many others, had come up to London from a very remote part of Scotland, practically friendless, but with an amount of indomitable perseverance, which is far more serviceable than a wide circle of acquaintances. The father of the two youths was a small farmer, with a large family, the natural result being that each of the twelve children had to shift for itself at a very early age.

The founder of the firm, Daniel, was born in September, 1813, and it will be readily understood that his education was scanty when it is stated that on Jan. 1, 1824, he was apprenticed to a bookseller and book-binder at Irvine, at a weekly wage of eighteen pence for the first twelve months, and an annual rise of one shilling per week. His first situation after serving his apprenticeship was at Stirling; but it was at Glasgow that the true character of the man developed itself, working, in consequence of his master's ill-health, invariably fourteen hours a day, and often sixteen or seventeen. To more fully equip himself for his profession, he "read all the weekly, monthly, and quarterly periodicals of any mark—a queer mass of rubbish to lie lumbering in anyone's brain, but, as it seemed to me, valuable for the purposes of the business." A very natural result ensued: he completely broke down in health, and had to return home to rest.

Almost as a matter of course, the scene of his next movements was London, where he obtained a post at Simpkin and Marshall's at a salary of £60 per year. I need not, however, go into the thousand-and-one details which led up to the establishment of the firm of D. and A. Macmillan in London. The most exhaustive account is given in the very interesting "Memoir of Daniel Macmillan," by Mr. Thomas Hughes, Q.C., issued in 1882, of which four editions have been sold. Neither the first book nor the second published by Macmillan and Co. appears to me as a particularly promising speculation for a new firm. The first was a pamphlet of ninety-two pages, dealing with the "Philosophy of Training," by A. R. Craig, and the second, a slightly more substantial volume of 120 pages, "The Three Questions: What am I? Whence came I? Whither do I go?" The two brothers had scarcely settled in Aldersgate Street when the retirement of a bookseller at Cambridge gave them an opportunity of acquiring a very good business, which a loan of necessary capital enabled them to embrace. It was at Cambridge, therefore, that the two young publishers laid the first important foundations of the great concern which is now so universally respected by authors, publishers, and booksellers generally. During the second year of the firm's existence a couple of still less promising books appeared—one a pamphlet of eight pages, and the other a reprint of William Law's "Remarks on the Fable of the Bees," edited by F. D. Maurice. Seven books, however, bore their imprint in 1845, their publications being then, as now, chiefly scholastic or religious. During the seven years which concluded with 1850 the Macmillans had published no really famous work, but among their "authors" were such men as Dean Stanley, Trench, and Hare. Their

connection with Kingsley—to whose works, perhaps, not a little of the success of the firm is due—began in 1850, with Parson Lot's "Cheap Clothes and Nasty," a fourpenny pamphlet. In 1855 appeared the first edition of Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" of which, up to October, 1889, thirty-two editions had appeared.

A great impetus was given to the firm's connections in 1855, when it absorbed the high-class business carried on for many years by J. W. Parker: the number of fresh books on which their imprint appeared during this year was nearly sixty. The year 1857 was distinguished in the firm's annals by several events, particularly by the death of the founder, who at last succumbed, after many years of ill-health; by the appearance of the first edition of "Tom Brown's Schooldays," by far the most popular of all of Messrs. Macmillan's books, taking the number of editions—over fifty in this case—as a criterion. *Macmillan's Magazine* appeared for the first time in November, 1859, a few months after the firm had opened a branch establishment in Henrietta Street, Covent Garden. Five years later the head quarters of the firm was once more removed to London, the retail bookselling business remaining at Cambridge as an independent establishment, where it is still carried on under the name of Macmillan and Bowes. Of their several series, the most popular have been the Golden Treasury and the Globe, in which some of the issues have a lengthy record of nearly a score of editions. The Globe series started with the Shakspeare volume in 1864, and, doubtless, it has had a wider circulation than any other edition of the great dramatist. But the English Men of Letters series has probably had the greatest popularity, so far as number is concerned, for the circulation of these admirable volumes has been enormous, and fresh reprints are called for nearly every week. For seventeen years Mr. Alexander Macmillan was the official Publisher to the University of Oxford, and when the delegates of the University Press took the management of their numerous publications into their own hands the authorities expressed their appreciation of his services by conferring on him the degree of Master of Arts *honoris causa*.

The temptation to dwell on the numerous points of literary interest offered by such a firm as that now under notice is very great, for, besides those already mentioned, its catalogues include the works of Matthew Arnold, William Black, "Lewis Carroll" (whose "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" has run into nearly fifty editions), Mrs. Craik, Mrs. Oliphant, Canon Farrar, Henry Fawcett, E. A. Freeman, W. E. Gladstone, Henry James, John Morley, Tennyson, Goldwin Smith, I. Todhunter, and Dean Vaughan. Space only, however, is left for a brief reference to the present partners in the firm. The senior founder, Daniel Macmillan, as I have already stated, died in 1857. For twenty years after that date almost the entire burden of the business was on the shoulders of his brother and partner, Alexander Macmillan,



Photo by Dickinson, New Bond Street, W.

MR. FREDERICK MACMILLAN.

to whom unquestionably the present prosperity of the firm is due. Mr. Alexander Macmillan (who was born in 1818) is still living, but the active management of the business is in the hands of the following—Mr. George Lillie Craik, who was admitted partner in 1865; Mr. Frederick Macmillan, the eldest son of Daniel, who was born in 1851, and who

became a partner in the firm in 1874; Mr. George Augustin Macmillan, the eldest surviving son of Mr. A. Macmillan, born in 1855, and made a partner in 1879; and Mr. Maurice Crawford Macmillan, the second son of Daniel, who was born in 1853, and became a partner thirty years afterwards. Mr. F. Macmillan has a town house at St. John's Wood, and a country one at Temple Dinsley, in Herts, where he is



Photo by Van der Weyde, Regent Street.

MR. G. A. MACMILLAN.

a county magistrate, and a regular attendant at Quarter and Petty Sessions. His cousin and partner, Mr. G. A. Macmillan, confesses to a weakness for Greek archæology, having travelled in Greece with Professor Mahaffy, and taken a very active part in the foundation, in 1879, of the Society for the Promotion of Hellenic Studies, which has done so much excellent work. Mr. M. C. Macmillan obtained a scholarship at Christ's College, Cambridge, and took first-class honours in the Classical Tripos of 1875, and was at one time an assistant-master at St. Paul's School.

W. ROBERTS.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

The verses of Miss May Kendall have been collected and issued by Messrs. Longmans in a little volume called "Songs from Dreamland." The songs are much too wide awake for the title. Some of the best of them are London sketches, with Underground Railway porters, Salvation Army captains, flag-painters, and such various sorts of characters for their heroes. And the fads and crazes of the day are brightly satirised in others. There are dreams, it is true, and there is sentiment, but the alert and the practical in them make their value.

It is something to be a verse-writer without affectations. It is almost as rare, if not quite as good, as being a verse-writer of genius. And without affectations, trusting entirely to the force of the humour and the pathos really felt, are these "Songs from Dreamland." I have said their dreamy and sentimental side is not their best one, but I am willing to take back the remark, if necessary, to find a pretext for quoting this little poem—

To your silence, my king,
They bring you white flowers;
For the love that was ours
I've no blossom to bring.

They shall wither away,
Though their fragrance be sweet;
In the dark at your feet
Let a living soul stay!

Everybody reads French nowadays—at least, you never come across anyone who owns he doesn't, and yet, one after another, come out translations of easy and very procurable French stories, and publishers

who have not the million for their *clientèle* find them, apparently, marketable stuff. There are not wanting examples in the book lists of any season; but "Blessed are the Poor," a translation of two of Coppée's stories, by Miss Winifred Hearn, and published by Heinemann, is an example of the moment. It is a very creditable translation of two charming stories, "The Restitution" and "The Poverty Cure"; but one would like to know for whom they are made. Do the lazy, who dislike the sight of foreign syllables, outnumber the vain, who would scorn to look at anything but the original? Or is it that the teaching of French in English schools is a farce, and a plain narrative, written with a conventional vocabulary, is still a weary puzzle for most?

True to the modern plan of sending out any book of foreign origin under native protection, Mr. T. P. O'Connor has been commissioned to write a preface, evidently because he likes Coppée's stories, and doesn't know much about their author. But the little he has to say he says very pleasantly. Only he commits that very common offence of those who have a public reputation to uphold. You expect a Chancellor of the Exchequer to allude to the national finances at a wedding party, and so you are not surprised to find Mr. O'Connor talking politics in a literary preface—he has found out that M. Coppée is not a true Democrat. Magnanimously he adds, "After all, I do not care for the political opinions of a literary man so long as he provides good literature." Why does he mention political opinions irrelevantly, then, in a preface which is not biographical?

Another translation worth some attention is Dostoïevsky's "Poor Folk," which Miss Lena Milman has put into English, and Messrs. Mathews and Lane have issued as the third of the "Keynote" series. It has often been a matter of wonder that Dostoïevsky has not been translated before; for years you have been able to read him in French. It is a fine story, but one of the most depressing that ever came even from a Russian's pen. The most dispiriting condition of life is that which is raised just above starvation by a narrow limit of respectability, which bars the recklessness of the poverty below as it does the indulgence of the most legitimate desires. And that is the condition in which the "Poor Folk" live.

There is a preface to it, of course, this time by Mr. George Moore, who doesn't say very much about Dostoïevsky, but makes up for that by saying a good deal on various other subjects. Mr. Moore has perceptions of truth and of beauty which he could never even remotely express in his own imaginative work, but which make him one of the very few critics whose judgments are worth pondering, even when they go right in the teeth of one's own cherished convictions. He has some things—very respectful they are—to say of Mr. Kipling which will make that writer's admirers rave. But they are in illustration of a canon which makes one believe that Mr. Moore understands great literature—"The anecdote that does not represent a moral idea, however curious, however exciting, can never rise to the height of great literature."

Lovers of the curious in literature and life should turn to a little book published by Pollard, of Truro, "The Autobiography of a Cornish Smuggler." It is an authentic record of the life of Captain Harry Carter, of Prussia Cove, smuggler and Christian, carefully preserved in manuscript by his family since his death in 1809. It is one of the most valuable, though not the fullest, contemporaneous accounts of the smuggling in Cornwall in the last century. When Carter was writing, the smugglers were still at their trade, and he naturally would not reveal too much. But a stronger interest is its revelation of the man, an emotional Methodist of the Bunyan type, with an imagination and pen untutored, but highly picturesque. The mixture of smuggling, adventure, and fervent piety makes a valuable human document.

He thought himself that his autobiography "would be so weak that no person of sense would ever publish it to the world." Two persons of sense, an editor and a publisher, have rescued it from obscurity, and presented to the world a very curious page of human nature.

Holiday-makers of a vigorous stamp should be apprised of the very handy guide to "Climbing in the British Isles," by Mr. Haskett Smith (Longmans). Only the first part is out, and, as it deals with England, it incites to few deeds of daring. But it gives all necessary information about climbing-places in Cumberland, Cornwall, Derbyshire, Emmerdale, and elsewhere, and is of the most convenient size. The Wales and Scotland volumes will follow.

Anyone who wants to be *au fait* with temperance legislation could not do better than read Mr. Frederick A. McKenzie's three-and-sixpenny book, "Sober by Act of Parliament" (Swan Sonnenschein). It is written with hardly a trace of bias, and with a restraint which is as remarkable as it is commendable in a young writer. Mr. McKenzie gives a clear story of American methods for restraining the drink traffic, and reveals a close acquaintance with most opinions and methods bearing on temperance. He summarises the various schemes to which statesmen pin their faith, gives an interesting account of the position of this important question in Europe and the Colonies, and concludes with a useful summary of the whole subject. The book is an admirable example of careful condensation conducted by a skilful writer, who exhibits a temperateness unusual in dealing with the vexed topic of temperance.

O. O.

THE ART OF THE DAY.

After the great sale of the Sir Joshua of last week for 11,000 guineas, it seems comparatively small beer to chronicle the sale of Sir Joshua's portrait of Mrs. Mathew, painted 127 years ago, which just recently fetched the sum of 4400 guineas. Mr. Agnew it was who purchased the picture, at a sale from the collection belonging to the Duchess of Montrose. A Gainsborough, painted three years later, and exhibited in the same year at the Royal Academy, fetched 3100 guineas. This was



A PAPAL GUARD.—M. FORTUNY.

Exhibited at Mr. Mendoza's Gallery, King Street, St. James's.

a portrait of Madame Le Brun, sometime *prima donna* of the Italian Opera; the picture has also been exhibited in recent years—in 1875 at Burlington House, and in 1885 at the Grosvenor Gallery.

A writer in a weekly paper, evidently searching for something caustic and duly cynical to write, observes, concerning the recent prices that have been realised by the Sir Joshuas, that the popularity of the great President seems to be growing, "despite the opposition of young critics," or words to that effect. Now, of all sentences, this appears to us to be the least felicitous in the world—for reasons which it is worth while to explain.

The school of "young critics," such as it is—in these times of change everything "young" is blown upon, as though youth were not the one divine quality left to these outworn and *blasé* days—has consistently supported the cause of Sir Joshua and his artistic method and achievement. This great English painter, whose tradition and encouragement have too fatally died out in the country, is reckoned by this despised youthfully critical school—and reckoned rightly—in the great school of portraiture which claims for some of its princes such names as Hals, Rembrandt, Gainsborough, and Velasquez. Each of these painters possessed, of course, his own individuality, his own method of declaring to the world his own artistic standpoint.

It was a very much older school of criticism than that which is called the Young School nowadays which first strove to cast contempt upon the portraiture of Rembrandt. It was Mr. Ruskin who declared emphatically that Rembrandt's "vulgarity" was patent in the "browns" which were the predilection of that king of art. And this pursuit of Rembrandt he

did not cease to direct against the great schools, which practically adopted, if not consciously, if not with knowledge, the great principles of that artist. No doubt, if it had fallen to the lot of Sir Joshua Reynolds to have his pictures examined, more than a century ago, by Mr. Ruskin, with the aid of a magnifying glass, there might have been some gorgeous thunder-and-lightning essays published during the Academy season to demonstrate the President's vulgarity and his lack of attention to the details of Nature. Sir Joshua, however, was lucky; appreciated and duly admired in his own generation, it is only the proper tribute to his great art that in this generation he should once more be recognised as the true artist that he was. And this event has been accomplished for the most part, not by that tolerant, easy, happy-go-lucky critical school out of which Mr. Ruskin sprang like a flaming torch, but by that contemptible, cynical, intolerant, narrow school of young bigots to whom the writer in that weekly paper of which we have spoken will not even allow the virtues that are evolved, happily, from some crooked and unnatural vein of artistic appreciation. But these things are still a mystery.

England and its greatest museum owes, as we all know, perhaps their chief artistic fame—so far as possession is concerned—to the treasures of Athens. We are, of course, among those who emphatically disavow Mr. Frederic Harrison's absurd contention that the Elgin Marbles should be restored to a part of the world which, at this day, has no more right to them than another, and, as Artemus Ward would have said, not so much, especially when one considers the shameful treatment which they endured at the hands of the modern "Athenians." For all that—indeed, because of that—we are glad to note the interesting fact that Lord Rosebery has made a grant to the British School at Athens of the sum of £200 from the Royal Bounty Fund.

We are quite ready to believe that Signor Ulrico Hoepli's edition of the first part of Leonardo da Vinci's "Codex Atlanticus," which he is publishing on behalf of the Accademia dei Lincei, to which reference



UN TORÉADOR.—GUSTAVE BOURGAIN.

Exhibited by La Société des Aquarellistes Français at the Hanover Gallery.

has already been made in these pages, is likely to prove a work of exceptional, not to say monumental, worth. When completed the work will consist of some thirty or forty parts, each of which will contain forty heliotype plates. These will reproduce the text and drawings of this great manuscript; the original text will also be reprinted, with the original orthography. We are not sure if this is as great a blessing as it sounds; but Dr. Giovanni Piumati is to be responsible for a modern form of the text.

This does not conclude the list of the work's glories; there will, finally, be attached to it a vocabulary which will give the meaning of obsolete words; moreover, the issue of the whole edition will not include more than 280 copies, and the subscription price will be no less than £48 the whole. It should be added that the original work will also be reproduced in facsimile. Altogether, if there be any who are anxious to spend fifty pounds or so in the interests of art, they could not, at the present moment, do much better than invest in the acquisition of a work which is generally allowed to be of the greatest value, "not only as an autobiographical document," to quote one authority, "but also for the history of science and art during the Renaissance."

Herr Pighlein, the well-known German painter, whose death is to be recorded, was quite a young man at the time of his decease, having barely accomplished his forty-sixth year. It was not, however, exactly as a distinguished painter that he was most famous when he died. He had, indeed, painted with distinction, and had even turned his attention with considerable success to sculpture. It was, however, in crayon work that he attained his greatest celebrity, and through his labours in this material he was able to reap quite considerable pecuniary profit. Some eight years ago he spent several months in the Holy Land for the purpose of collecting material for



SANTA FLAVIA.—SAMUEL BIRD.

the long tale of Grecian and Phœnician warfare. The warm haze of approaching evening, which wraps the distant mountains in a tender blue, adds to the scene of general repose.

"High-Water at London Bridge" was painted, we learn, from a barge moored in the river at the same time that the artist was executing a commission for Mr. Herbert Tritton. This picture was exhibited in the New Gallery two years since, and was but recently finished. It is the last picture that can be painted from the same spot, as the Tower Bridge, then only begun, has now quite hidden what is in reality one of the finest views of the City, including the Tower, the Monument, the Custom House, Billingsgate, St. Paul's, and the warehouses and all the craft that are on the river at high-water. In the front of the picture there are some of the country barges (called monkey-barges) being towed by a tug, with the families of the barges all above board, enjoying the chatter and chaff which must relieve the monotony of their occupation. The group gives quite the effect of some foreign scene, yet all who know the river should appreciate Mr. Bird's work.



HIGH-WATER AT LONDON BRIDGE.—SAMUEL BIRD.

his famous panorama of the Crucifixion, which was exhibited in Munich in 1886. That town was a fitting place for his art; his was a Munich kind of reputation.

"Santa Flavia," by Mr. Samuel Bird, gives a good view of the small fishing village at the foot of Solanto. In the distance across the stretch of sea is the rugged steep of Cephalædium, leading away down to Norman Cefalù and on to modern Termini, the Thermai of Himera, memorable in

The Hanover Gallery contains one of the most curious exhibitions of black-and-white that we ever remember to have seen. It consists of some three hundred drawings executed by various artists for the proprietors of the *Pall Mall Magazine*—a strange reason of union. We are not at all prepared to say that these three hundred drawings are superior in quality to any other three hundred that might have been accomplished for any other considerable magazine; but, at all events, there is a peculiar interest attaching to this little gathering by very reason of their strange bond of union. Mr. Aubrey Beardsley is here represented, however, to some strong advantage; his "Kiss of Judas" may be—and is—cheap decoration, but there can be no doubt about its extraordinary suggestiveness and subtle cruelty of expression. The same artist's "Black Art" has also in it some curious touch of inspiration, which is certainly not beautiful; nor is it attractive, save in an evil kind of sense; but it would be impossible to deny

to it quite an extraordinary appreciation of what may briefly be called subtle contortion. Mr. Beardsley sets out to be a master of decoration, of the placing of line and line, the relation of curve and curve. Through the revelation of this work he demonstrates emphatically that he has, however unconsciously, abandoned pure decoration for a curious, self-conscious, horrible, yet engrossing, sense of character. Under the extraordinary title of "The Rose has been Washed," Mr. R. Sauber has achieved quite a little triumph in its own way.



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SUNSET OVER CHRISTCHURCH HAVEN.—STUART LLOYD.



"O'ER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY."—GILBERT FOSTER.

MR. HENRY HARPER'S PICTURES OF BIBLE LANDS.

Exhibited at the Fine Art Society's Galleries, New Bond Street, W.

BEYROUT.

There can be nothing much more pictorially attractive than the Holy Land, and, with the Holy Land, such neighbouring countries as have had an intimate connection with the historical events that were enacted in Palestine, for that country has the peculiar privilege of satisfying, by its own essence, both of the two great parties who at the present day clamour for the triumph of their private artistic theories. The one side demands that which is purely pictorial, purely decorative; the other, while not scorning beauty for its own sake, is pleased and contented with some anecdote which carries along with it either a historical or a human interest. Now, the Holy Land, Egypt, Sinai, Babylonia, and the rest have, in the first place, a supremely pictorial interest of their own, and they have, moreover, a consummate value from the narrative point of view. Bethlehem, the Sea of Galilee, the Mount of Olives—here are, under sufficiently advantageous aspects, subjects fit for any painter whose aim is purely pictorial; while to the painter who seeks to touch a more emotional, a more melodramatic—if you will—instinct the same subjects will naturally appeal, from this point of view, to an almost indefinite degree. Mr. Henry A. Harper, who has been exhibiting the water-colour drawings by which he has illustrated the Lands of the Bible, has, therefore, been well advised in his subjects. Nor has he chosen those subjects in a narrow spirit. Egypt, Sinai, and Palestine embrace them for the most part, and it is to be noticed that Lady Howard de Walden is responsible for the sketches from which the Babylonian drawings have been made, as well as for those which Mr. Harper has utilised for his drawings of the ruined cities of Moab. For the sketches from which



THE VOCAL MEMNON.

the rest have been taken, Mr. Harper is himself responsible. Having premised so much, it will be profitable to condescend to detail.

Having thus cleared the ground, then, we are bound to say that Mr. Harper's treatment of his great subject pleases us somewhat less than the subject itself. But it is as well that we should get over the ungracious task of fault-finding as quickly as may be, and come to some appreciation of the very real merit which undoubtedly exists in

much of Mr. Harper's work. Mr. Harper, then, is too often inclined to what we cannot but regard as a fatal hardness of colour. Filled as he is with the anxiety, for example, to realise Sir Richard Burton's description of a "sky, terrible in its stainless beauty," he attempts the merely terrible, without seeing that it is also the very close concern of the artist to attempt also the beautiful. To this propensity we are inclined to attribute the not infrequent fault which we have mentioned. On the other hand, we cannot doubt the sincerity and accuracy of characterisation with which Mr. Harper has, for the most part, fulfilled his self-appointed task. Such a drawing as "Watchman, what of the night?" shows in its treatment a real sentiment of imaginative design, and we have no words but praise for his

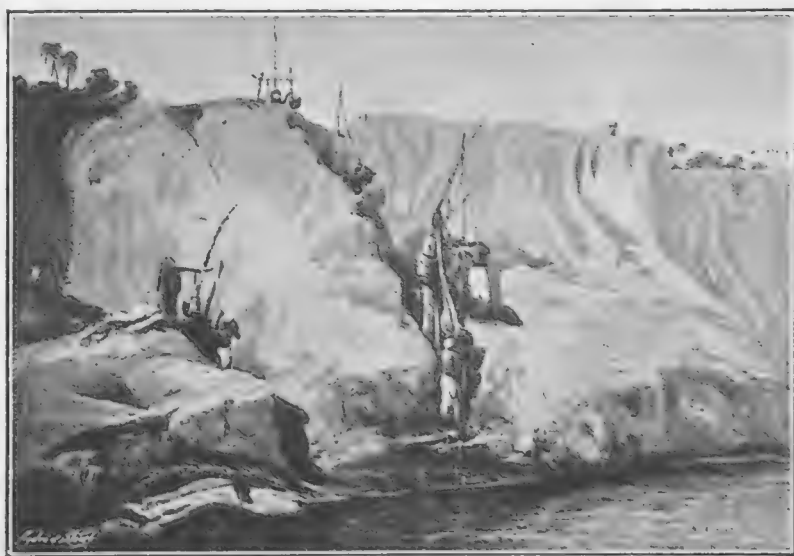


PLAINS OF THE HAURÂN, ONCE THE GRANARY OF THE OLD WORLD.

excellent painting of what Dean Stanley called "the most sacred sheet of water this earth contains"—the Lake of Gennesareth, or the Sea of Galilee. It would be impossible, and therefore the attempt would be frivolous, to select particular pictures from this large collection for purposes of particular praise or of particular blame; but we may say generally that, with the exception we have felt bound to make, Mr. Harper's work appeals to us as strong, artistic, and poetical.



WAITING FOR THE DAWN: THE VOCAL MEMNON, TIME OF THE INUNDATION OF THE NILE.



LOW NILE AT ESNEH.

SOME SNAP-SHOTS AT CROMER.

From Photographs by Messrs. Russell, Baker Street, W.



CROMER FROM THE STATION.



CROMER FROM THE EAST CLIFF.



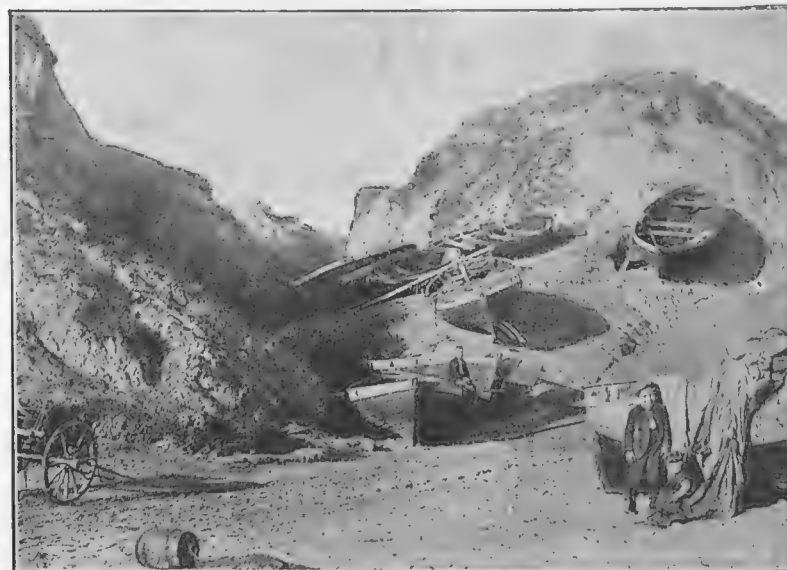
CROMER CHURCH.



THE BEACH.



THE EAST CLIFF.



THE WEST CLIFF.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.

GRAFTON GALLERIES
FAIR WOMEN
ADMISSION 1/-.



Phil May
94.



HOW MEN WORK IN HOLLAND.
DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.

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A CHAT WITH MR. THOMAS PINK.

A friend of mine, who saw me laboriously covering sheets of paper as quickly as a Count Fosco with my dainty cecography, said contemptuously, "Well, you are uncivilised. Why, I know a man who is running one of the largest businesses in the world single-handed, and he



Photo by Palmer and Bennetts, Brixton Hill, S.W.

MR. THOMAS PINK.

never puts pen to paper except to form a signature. It's really out of date to do one's own handwriting. How does he do it? Well, in his office he sits surrounded by telephones, laid on to his home, to the market, and to different parts of the works. By his side is a phonograph. When he wants to write a letter, to give orders, to make a note of things that he sees or what he thinks, he simply talks into the machine, then rings a bell, a clerk enters, takes out the cylinder, puts in a fresh one, has all the matter type-written, and there you are!"

"A blessed system indeed, since it frees one from the presence of shorthand clerk and the worry of the 'Click, click, click' of the type-writer. Who is the man, and what is the business?"

"It is Mr. Thomas Pink, and the business is that of Pink's jams, pickles, pepper, &c. Why, he carries out his system to such an extent that he has a telephone from his bed-room to Covent Garden, and orders cargoes of fruit without taking the trouble to get out of bed. He keeps a phonograph in the dining-room, and after dinner just thinks aloud quietly about business into it, and takes in the cylinder next morning to have it all recorded."

I determined to interview this very modern man of business, and a few days later set out for Long Lane, in the Borough. I always lose my way in the Borough, though I once spent a fortnight with a medical student in Great Dover Street.

"Do you know the way to Pink's?" I said to a policeman.

"Do I know what time it is at midnight?" answered the man in blue.

"An interesting question," I replied. "I'm always fascinated by the consideration of the mentally conceivable interval of time between yesterday and to-day—what a musician might call the 'enharmonic interval.' It raises subtle legal points. You ought to quit a house the last minute of the last day, and are a trespasser the moment next day begins. Ought you to lose part of your

last day, or are you entitled to trespass a necessary period of the next, since you can't move bag and baggage during the 'enharmonic interval?'"

"If you don't move bag and baggage this moment," said the raw lobster, grimly, "I'll— Turn to the left, bear to the right, and follow your nose."

I did not argue the question: it is better to argue even with parsons than policemen, for the churchmen at least cannot "frog's march" you to the station, and charge you as drunk and disorderly. I followed my nose, and it followed the scent of apricot jam, so we both got safely to Pink's huge factory.

"Mr. Pink," said I, "if I were sure of the words, I would quote to you the Queen of Sheba's compliment to King Solomon. As it is, let me simply say I'm quite 'knocked out.'"

Mr. Pink smiled. He is a thirty-nine-year-old man, in face somewhat like Lord Randolph Churchill, and showing the same look of alertness and determination. In his manner is the quiet force that shows the man whose word is law to hundreds. He governs uncontrolled and unadvised the Staple Street factory, covering acres of floor space, and the Pepper Mills with 23,400 ft. super. His works can turn out 400 tons of jam—the figures give me the toothache—in a week, and last year he made and sold 8000 tons. This year he will go 1000 better. His mills, the machinery for which was designed by him, grind sixteen tons of pepper a week, and, in fact, an eighth of the English pepper trade is in his hands, while a twelfth of the tapioca business of our island is his. How much of sweets, pickles, potted bloaters, &c., he turns out I have no idea, but, since he has over 1000-horse power in steam-engines, and employs 56 travellers, 130 clerks, and during the busy season over 1800 hands, you can form some idea of the magnitude of the manufactory controlled by him.

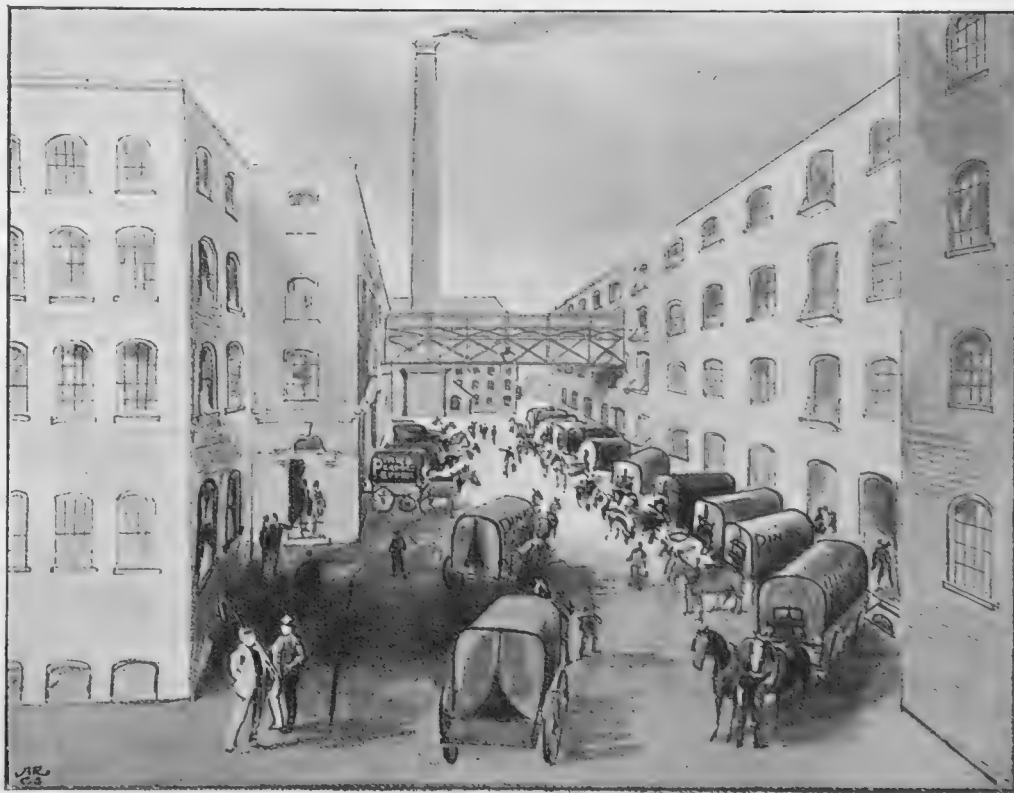
"It's all a matter of method and organisation. Four years ago I took sole charge of the business, and completely reorganised it, and now it goes almost like clock-work. Of course, the management is not mechanical, except so far as selling is concerned. That is simple enough. I have one price for the little grocer and for the stores, no discounts for large orders, nor any advantage to big capitalists, and I make everyone pay cash. As, although each year I increase the works, the supply is always less than the demand, we can carry out these principles."

"Where do you get your fruit from?" I inquired.

"Chiefly from the British fruit-growers. Some plums are from abroad, and, of course, oranges. The greater part is grown in Kent. If the crop is good, we simply buy the surplus after ordinary consumption, and get it very cheap; if not, we have to compete with the raw-fruit eating public, and pay dear. Oh, yes; jam varies year by year in price. The great jam-eaters are artisans and the middle class. Sugar? Cane or beet, according to the state of the market. Yes, it's strange how dead the English sugar-refining industry is now. In fact, only Tate still lives, and that, I suppose, is because he knows more about sugar than anyone."

I had read once in a paper that "Pink's" are popular with their workpeople, and so thought I might ask some questions.

"Well, I've never had a real strike, and I'm not afraid of one. Employers' Liability Act? It does not interest me. I don't insure; I don't think it's right: it tends to make one careless about the lives and limbs of one's people. I've never had a claim against me. If a man employs competent subordinates and honestly adopts every precaution against accidents, there won't be any—that's my theory, and I've tested it thoroughly on a large scale. Yes, I look after my people's comfort.



LOADING THE VANS.

Lately I reduced the working time four hours a week, without reducing pay, and so avoid the before-breakfast work. I'm not a loser by the change, and, of course, they are not. Hours 8 to 1, then 2 to 7. I'm building a dining-room for the women, to hold 800."

With an innocent smile, I asked whether he did all this out of philanthropy or business instinct.

"Well," he said, hesitating, "it's so hard to say. I hope and try to believe that I look after my people out of honest warmth of heart, but

of engine-houses, 100-stall stables, of a Vathek vault containing 110,000 three-gallon jars?—it was dark and cold, and has given me a sort of Rider Haggard nightmare since. Yet I am bound to say—though I hate jam, it gives me toothache—I was startled, not only by the fatiguing magnitude of the place, but by the wonderful cleanliness of it. At last, after more exercise than I usually take in a week, I got back with a splitting head, broken back, and dancing eyes—all the symptoms of an attack of doing the Academy. The cigar

and — (neither of them made at Pink's) soothed me wonderfully.

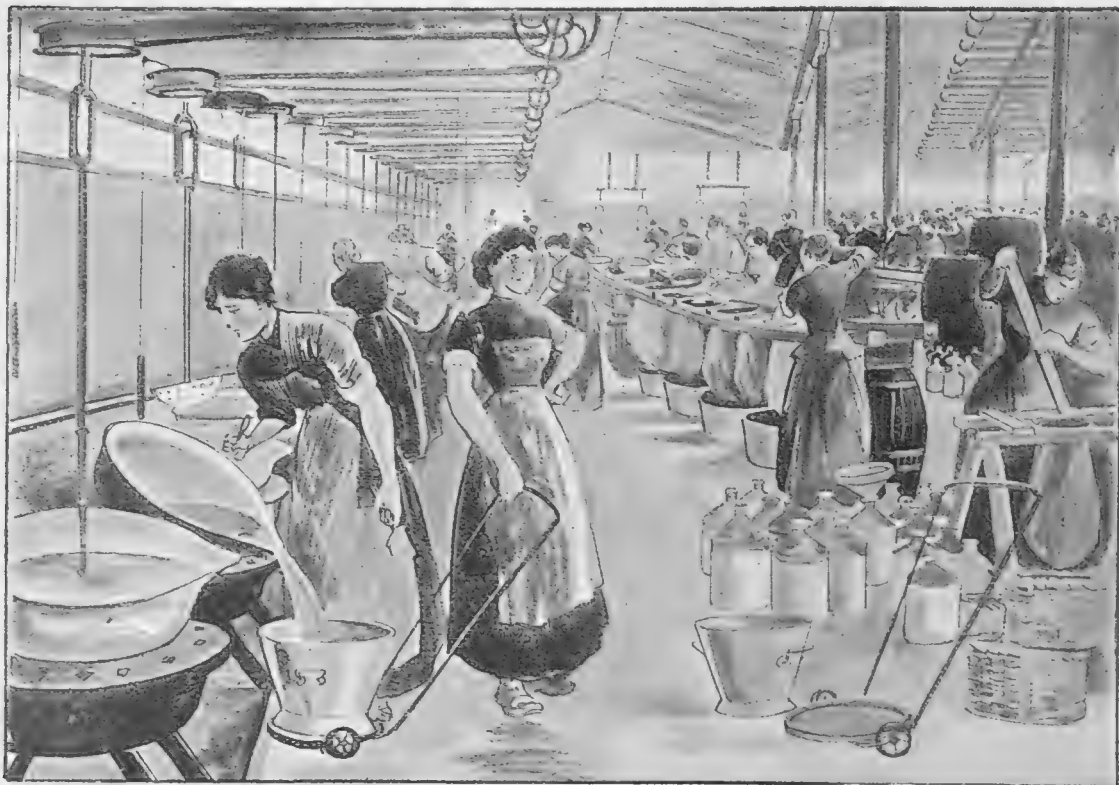
"Yes, I'm a strong Conservative, but at present I've not time for very active political work. One of these days—"

"I hope so," I replied. "We want such men as you in the House—men of great intelligence, strength of mind, and with the splendid gift of organising and directing, and inventive gifts, too, I believe. How about the patents?"

"I've always taken an interest in mechanics, and some of my inventions are really successful, such as the Patent Recording Receipt Stamp, by which a printed receipt is given to a customer, and the amount is recorded inside the machine in such a way that the cashier cannot change it. Yes, I smoke, drink what pleases my palate, and am not a vegetarian. My leisure I spend partly in my workshop over my inventions or in my garden. I keep half-a-dozen gardeners at my place at Clapham Park. This year begonias are my specialty. I'm fond, too, of shooting; indeed, I suppose I ought not to say so, but I'm a dead shot, and after a couple of days' practice will back myself against anyone in England. Perhaps it's partly a question of nerves. I have none, and you can't startle or scare me."

When I arrived, I had noticed a piece of paper on his desk with "Mr. Sketch at eleven," and saw another with "Mr. Brown at one"; so, suspecting that when Brown came I might get a hint from the man who loves punctuality that I must go, I got up at 12.59, tendered quite superfluous apologies for wasting so much of his time, and dragged my wearied self away.

s.



THE BOILING-ROOM.

who can tell? You see, I know it pays. I get the pick of the labour market and avoid strikes and friction. It pays a manufacturer to be kind to his employees."

He marched me over the works till I got tired and cross, though I did not see even half. How can I in a few lines give any idea of acres of jam-boiling, packing, potting, pickling, picking, preserving-rooms,



PICKING THE RAW FRUIT.



LABELLING-ROOM.

THE MOBILISATION OF THE FLEET.

THE TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYER HORNET.

The mobilisation of the Fleet takes place to-day, and in no time the naval manœuvres will be in full swing. The Fleet, comprising 90 vessels, will be more than usually powerful, being composed exclusively of modern ships, as follow: Battleships, first-class, 6; second-class, 5; third-class, 1; coast defence ships, 1; cruisers, first-class, 9; second-class, 20; third-class, 3; sloops, 1; torpedo-gunboats, 12; destroyers, 2; gunboats, 3; torpedo-boats, 24; miscellaneous, 3. One of the torpedo-boat destroyers to be employed is the *Hornet*, which was recently launched from the yard of Messrs. Yarrow and Sons, of Poplar, and thus, as it were, makes her first public appearance. She is a vessel of such extraordinary speed that some details about her are interesting at this moment.

I was struck by Mr. Yarrow's appearance of comparative youth

caused by machinery is so much out of proportion to the size of the boat, and causes such intolerable discomfort to the crew, that life on a torpedo-boat has, naturally, hitherto been considered almost unbearable. By our system of balancing, the vibration is reduced practically to a minimum. The *Hornet* is also furnished with a new system of water-tube boilers, of which there are eight, the technical details of which I need not trouble you with; but the advantage to a warship of this subdivision of power is that in the event of one boiler being damaged by the enemy's fire the steaming capabilities of the ship continue with but slight detriment."

"And in your opinion," I asked, "do you consider that electric power will ever take the place of steam for torpedo-boat propulsion?"

"He would be, indeed, a very bold man who in these days would say anything is impossible, but, with the present knowledge, I do not see," he replied, "how electricity can take the place of steam, for the motive power has to be produced while travelling, and there is no system yet devised by which accumulators of sufficient storage capacity



THE TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYER HORNET.

(writes a representative) when I called upon him for some particulars about the *Hornet*, but he assured me that he was not so young as he looked.

"I have had the entire control of the business here for over twenty-five years," he said; "in fact, when I was a younger man I had such a youthful appearance that people coming used frequently to say to me, 'It is not you we want to see, but your father'; whereas my father had nothing whatever to do with the business."

"And what led you to go in for torpedo-boats?"

"We were always famous for building very fast launches, and gradually drifted into this class of work. One thing led to another, and I soon discovered that it depended upon machinery developing great power, together with a suitably-designed propeller and such a form of hull as would adapt itself best for the speed aimed at. For instance, to go ten knots in a boat, the form of hull would naturally be entirely different from one designed to go twenty-seven knots. So you will perceive there are a multitude of points to be considered, and that it is not merely a question of machinery."

"But tell me," I inquired, "what are the special features of the *Hornet*?"

"Apart from the design of the hull, which is precisely similar, I may say, to that of her sister-ship, the *Havock*, which we launched last year, we have perfected a system of anti-vibration, the advantages of which cannot be over-estimated. In all small ships which are constructed to go at tremendous speed, as in the case of torpedo-boats, the vibration

can be carried, and, as the weight of any electrical installation is vastly greater than steam machinery, it follows that there is no advantage to be gained, but a considerable loss in speed.

"It will interest you to learn," he continued, "that we can get up full steam, from cold water, in twenty-five minutes, starting with pressure at 180 lb. and developing 4000-horse power. One of the advantages of torpedo-boats is that one can try experiments in them without incurring any prohibitory expense, and it is a recognised fact that the recent advance in speed of the great sea-going vessels, such as the huge Atlantic liners, is in a great measure due to the fact that the improvements adopted in torpedo-vessels have been carried out on a larger scale in these leviathan ships."

"Since, then, you confess that you are making still further advances in the way of speed, the *Havock*, the sister-ship to the one I was on last Saturday, must be partially out of date already?"

"Yes; not only is the *Havock* to some extent out of date, but the *Hornet* herself will soon be obsolete."

"You astound me!" I ejaculated.

"It is so, indeed, and since she was launched I have already contracted with the Russian Government to build them a superior ship, with a speed of twenty-nine knots, which is two faster than the *Hornet*."

"Then what does speed depend on?" I naturally asked.

"Within certain limits, it is only a matter of price," replied Mr. Yarrow. "Thirty knots can be got out of a vessel if the Government will pay the money. But," added Mr. Yarrow, "there is one limit,

which is determined by the stage of progress of engineering at the time. No one can prophesy what this limit may eventually be. I should not like to say whether or not express train speed may not one day be attained even on the sea. Anyone prophesying twenty years ago that speeds now proved to be possible would have ever been accomplished would have been looked upon as an object of suspicion, and more fit for the lunatic asylum than anywhere else. Of course, there is an enormous consumption of fuel necessitated by the higher rates of speed. The use of aluminium and of stronger and lighter materials than are now commonly employed are directions in which a further increase of speed may be looked for in the future."

"Your mention of aluminium reminds me to ask you if it is true you are building an aluminium torpedo-boat for the French Government?"

"Yes; but it is only of very small size, and so will not be of exceptionally high speed, as this is obtainable only with large dimensions."

"Which do you consider best, the French or the English boats?"

"The Hornet and her sister-ships are the best at present; but the French will, no doubt, have a set-off against them before long. It has always been so in the past, and will continue to be the case in the future, that each Government will try to outstrip the performances of the others. Take as an example of this, my latest contract with the Russian Government. There are now forty-two boats of precisely the same type as that of the Hornet in various shipbuilding yards for the English Admiralty, but by the time they are finished I anticipate they will all be eclipsed by the one I am building for the Russians, which, by-the-way, I expect will serve as a type to be copied in all the dockyards of that country, where they have already built many first-class vessels. It is very easy to follow the lines of a boat when it is before you, even without the plans. From my own knowledge of the French torpedo-boats, I should say they are quite as good as our own, and I say this knowing well what is done abroad."

"And speaking of foreigners, Mr. Yarrow, do you consider that it is injudicious to allow them to be present at the trials of all our latest achievements?"

"It may be; but the effect of prohibiting them only makes them the more anxious to find out what we are doing, and it is almost an impossibility to keep these matters secret, especially when ships can be bought and afterwards copied in their minutest details, for ours are not Government works, and we can work for any nation."

Our interview having terminated, I was offered the advantage of a look round the works, where I saw some 800 men employed, and everything from a stop-valve to the main engines of a ship in progress in the spacious shops, while outside the dockyard rang the sound of the riveter's hammer on the many ships in progress on the stocks.

In order to give an idea of the size of a cruiser, the *Chicago Graphic* gives the following illustration of the United States cruiser



New York, placed in one of the principal streets. The vessel is 380 feet long, 64 feet broad, and has a draft of 23 feet.

A FAMOUS PAINTER OF SHIPS.

The art of Chevalier Eduardo de Martino appeals to one especially at the present moment, when our fleets join in mimic battle. When I entered his studio the other day, I half fancied that I was in a shipbuilder's yard, for here, there, and everywhere round the large, lofty studio stood models of ships of every class, from old three-deckers of the Nelson period to the fiendish-looking torpedo boats that are called "the sailor's terror." The Chevalier, who, as everyone knows, has a more than European reputation as a painter of men-of-war and of the sea and all that she bears on her bosom, was standing, brush in hand, looking with a critical eye at his newest work—a really striking picture of the latest addition to the Italian Navy. "Il Re Umberto," which the Chevalier had just finished, is a modern man-of-war, a thing of hard, unlovely lines, with no sails to give it grace or colour, yet the artist's skill has made a real picture of it. Apart from its qualities as a work of art, it shows surprising knowledge of nautical architecture.

"But, Chevalier, how wonderfully accurate all the details of those intricate ropes are—they are exactly like a Chinese puzzle to the uninitiated!"

"Not for an old naval officer. Remember, for fifteen years I served in the Italian Navy. Why?"—pointing to a large model of a man-of-war—"I made that myself—ah, so many years ago I do not care to count them."

"And no doubt your title of Chevalier was conferred on you in those days, or is it a tribute to the talent of the artist?"

"He drew himself up: 'I am a 'De Martino,' a Chevalier by birth.'"

As I wandered round the studio, everywhere confronted by red curtains behind which were hidden canvases, I felt disposed to put my hand in my pocket, for, somehow, they made me think of the frames you have to pay in foreign churches in order to see the local *chefs-d'œuvre*, unless, indeed, you are wily enough to go during High Mass, when you need not put a franc in the slot.

He paused before one of the largest pictures. It was labelled "The First Shot at Trafalgar." Holding up the red hangings with his mahlstick, he showed me the powerful sea-scape, over which I grew enthusiastic.

"And do you not prefer painting these grand, picturesque old wooden walls?"

"Prefer? Why, the one is a labour of love. Painting the men-of-war, the torpedo-boats, and ironclads of to-day, why it is, it is"—and he hesitated for a simile—"it is castor-oil to me, and I don't love castor-oil: do you?"

Instead of discussing the merits of castor-oil, I asked how many years the Chevalier had lived in England. "Seventeen? How wonderfully you speak English!"

My admiration was not shared, however, by M. de Martino's son, Romeo, a fine lad of fourteen, who very frankly gave his views about his father's grasp of the English language. However, the boy mentioned that his parent speaks French, Italian, Spanish, and, of course, Portuguese."

"Of course?"

"Yes," chimed in the Chevalier, "I lived many years in Brazil, and painted for Dom Pedro most of the ships belonging to the Empire."

While he spoke my eye rested on a curious picture—a stormy sea, with a yacht cutting through angry-looking waves.

"How unlike your other pictures!"

"It is a work by the greatest, cleverest, and most remarkable man living; and," he added, "I have merit in saying so, for, as you see, he is no mean rival as an artist. The Emperor of Germany painted it, and gave it to me when I spent ten days on his yacht in the Solent last summer, and," he continued, drawing back another red curtain, "I painted this one for the Emperor."

It is a splendid example of M. de Martino's art, and he was invited to bring it over himself and spend some days at the German Court. Thence he journeyed to Italy with "Il Re Umberto," painted for the King's private gallery. He returns to London to eat his Christmas pudding with his handsome wife and his children, quaintly named Romeo and Juliet.

"It seems strange," I remarked, "that you should live in London."

"Not so strange: London is the centre of the universe, and anybody who wants to go everywhere lives in the centre."

Naturally, I thought it would be valuable to obtain the opinion of such a critic on the English painters of the sea.

"Turner," he said, "had fine powers of conception, but little of execution; in fact, as far as my personal tastes go, I should prefer for my own rooms one of Wyllie's strong river pictures to Turner's mayonnaise effects, though off his own ground, which is the Thames, Wyllie's gifts are not so evident."

Carrying out this idea, one is disposed to think that the Chevalier de Martino off his own ground, also, is by no means at his best, for over a big mirror, framed in ebony, one finds written in large gold letters on a painted board—"My world, my studio in company with noblest art. She cannot be false; all else is mere malice, envy, and falsehood." This remarkable motto was composed by the Chevalier.

In the close atmosphere of the studio the smell of turpentine which I had upset on my dress soon became intolerable, and even overpowered the perfume of the Chevalier's colossal cigars, so, with a hasty "Good-bye," I hurried out into the open air, took a hansom and drove home, notwithstanding cabbies' inquiries whether I wouldn't sooner go "hoff to Rimmel's."

G. F. S.

THE REPUBLIC OF HAWAII.

After eighteen dreary months of chaotic administration—beginning with the overthrow of the monarchy and the dethronement of Queen Liliuokalani, passing into the uncertainty of a Provisional Government, and the



THE EX-QUEEN, LILIUOKALANI.

possibility of becoming annexed by the United States—Hawaii has just become a republic, with Mr. Dole, chief of the Provisional Government, as its first President. Whether Hawaii will be happy now that it has got rid of the monarchy remains to be seen. In any case, the struggle of the past year and a half has served to bring the beautiful islands into greater prominence than was their lot in the past. Where so many nationalities are represented—British, American,

Chinese, Japanese, Portuguese, and native, many of these having conflicting interests—one must needs rate the value of opinion according to what sect or faction the informant belongs, to say nothing of the purity of his motives. With this, however, we have nothing to do. It is to be hoped a satisfactory solution of the difficulty of the situation has at last been brought about.

Hawaii has been called, in language which is strictly within the limits of fact, the Paradise of the Pacific, and to anyone who has been privileged to visit that land the term must seem in no way exaggerated. The islands are easily reached from San Francisco by the Oceanic Steamship Company's line of steamers, sailing once a fortnight. The trip occupies seven days, and is a delightful experience. The vessels (3000-tonners) are roomy and the acme of comfort. The cabins are fitted throughout with electric bells and light. The steward's department, on which so much of a voyage depends, is unassailable, and the officers, from the captain down, do not seem to be able to do enough for you.

As we near the islands, day by day the weather gets warmer. Garments which at the start were necessary now become superfluous, and iced drinks are at a premium. On the seventh day we reach the island of Oahu, on which Honolulu is situated. This is the principal port of call, and to this most of our fellow-voyagers are bound. Passing the eastern side of the island, which is uninteresting, the eye is arrested by a high headland—Diamond Head, an extinct volcano. On rounding the promontory, the traveller at once becomes spectator of a panorama for which reading or hearsay, perhaps, may have prepared him. The snowy-breasted billows rolling in on a coral beach which itself rivals them in whiteness; the lanky, lopsided cocoanut trees in the foreground, backed by undulating plains rich in verdure, with here and there a little white cottage popping out from among the foliage, as if playing hide-and-seek with us—these form a sight calculated to whet the appetite for beauties yet to come. A few miles brings us opposite Honolulu, which is encircled by a coral reef. By the aid of a pilot we negotiate the

channel and enter the harbour. Made fast to the pier, a sight at once novel and interesting meets our eyes. The cosmopolitan character of those who have come down to welcome us is what strikes one most forcibly. The Kanaka, with his loose white robes, gazing somewhat listlessly at the fresh invasion of his dearly-loved islands; the Chinaman carrying a baby in flowing robes, belonging to his mistress, who is evidently expecting her loved lord from the "coast"; the inevitable nigger, who can always find time to do nothing; the Jap, the unmistakable American or Britisher—all are there. So many countries are represented, it seems like a ballet of nations in a pantomime. White is the prevailing colour, if it is a colour, both in the attire of male and female, and we at once are made to understand we are in the Tropics.



HONOLULU HARBOUR.

Photo by W. A. Douglas.

Honolulu is a town somewhat irregularly built, and the streets, especially in the business portions, are somewhat narrow. The residences are mostly frame houses. They are built after the American style, with the inevitable veranda; they are raised a few feet from the surface, and each has a plot of ground encircling it. The wealth of flowers which greets one at every turn—nearly all of them strange to the visitor—is a source of delight, and the luxuriance



Photo by W. A. Douglas.

KAPENA LAKE, TWO MILES FROM HONOLULU.



IOLANI PALACE, HONOLULU.

Photo by W. A. Douglas.



NATIVE HOUSES MADE OF GRASS, WITH HAO TREE BETWEEN.

of foliage surrounding the houses gives welcome shade from the broiling sun. Fruit-trees are in profusion, and the luscious fruits which here are so costly may be had there for the picking.

The hot-house here is rather an anachronism. As there is no winter in Honolulu, ice is placed in the greenhouses to enable those plants and fruits which require a certain amount of cold or frost to thrive. The houses are usually divided in halves, one half consisting of a single long

room, called the Lanai. This usually serves the purpose of a reception-room, drawing-room, dining-room—in fact, is made use of for many purposes. From this room doors communicate with the other apartments of the house.

What must be a matter of surprise to most visitors is the extent to which the telephone is employed in private houses. Everybody is in connection with the "Central." All orders are given to tradesmen direct from the houses, and, as all businesses nearly are connected with the



Photo by Walery, Regent Street.

PRINCESS KAIULANI.

employers' and employees' domiciles, "working late in the office" is scarcely a safe excuse for the erring one who does not come home to tea.

Honolulu is a live, business town. The staple product is sugar. Rice is also largely cultivated, and a large export trade is done in this commodity. The rice-fields are worked by Chinamen exclusively.

The public buildings are not many, but some are of importance. The Royal Palace—or, as it is called, Iolani Palace—is a tastefully-built structure of concrete. It is surrounded by lovely grounds of considerable extent. The Palace possesses some beautifully-furnished rooms, notably the throne-room and the drawing-room. The latter contains a portrait of Louis Philippe and a bust of Napoleon III., which latter, strange to say, arrived in Honolulu on the disastrous day of Sedan in 1870. The entrance to the Palace is guarded by a Hawaiian soldier. He is not like his prototype in Whitehall. No nursemaid's smile beams on him as he



Photo by W. A. Douglas.

OLD PLANTATION GROVE.

mounts guard—John Chinaman, or Sam, as he is called, usurping the place of that usually interested young person. The Hawaiian army numbers about 100 men. They are harmless.

The schools are handsome and commodious, and are well attended both by native and European children. English is the language spoken, the Kanaka language, like our Celtic, being allowed to run loose. Churches are plentiful, both native and otherwise. The various

denominations are well represented, the Roman Catholic, especially among the Portuguese, having a large following.

It is difficult to believe that almost in the memory of living man these islands were the scenes of cannibal orgies and gross acts of cruelty. The American Mission was the first to set foot on the islands, but King Kamehameha II., who then reigned, had previously renounced his superstitious faith and became an easy convert to Christianity.

The first Catholic church in the Sandwich Islands was erected at Puna, Hawaii. It was built of grass, after the native fashion of building



Photo by W. A. Douglas.

FIRST CATHOLIC CHURCH IN THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS, AT PUNA.

their huts. These grass houses may still be seen in the outlying parts of the country. In the accompanying view of the church the lava flow of rocks is seen entering the sea, while cocoanut trees surround the church.

From the circumscribed nature of things, the amusements of the people are necessarily somewhat restricted. Honolulu boasts of a theatre, the Royal Hawaiian Opera House. Companies occasionally, from the Colonies and the American Continent, visit it, but the short time which the Colonial steamers remain—about six hours—in harbour does not admit of regular visits from theatrical or operatic companies.

The Hawaiian Band is a great feature here. They number about forty musicians, all, native, with the exception of the conductor, who is a German. When it is known that they were specially invited to give performances at the Chicago World's Fair, it will be seen that they are an organisation of no mean merit.

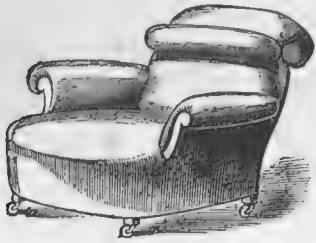
The natives are a well-built race, the men, especially, being to a large extent gifted by Nature. They are nearly all about six feet in height, and possess forms which might gladden the heart of painter



Photo by W. A. Douglas.

HANA FROM THE BLUFFS, MANI.

or sculptor. The women get rather stout as they approach middle age, and their figures are by no means improved by the loose, flowing robes which they wear. The colour of the native is dark, though not black. They are quite apart from the negro. They seem to have an affinity with the Maori of New Zealand. Like the latter, the number decreases year by year, and, as in the history of New Zealand, civilisation would seem to be synonymous with extermination.



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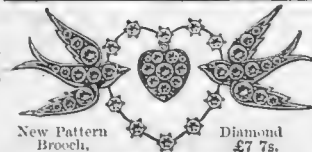
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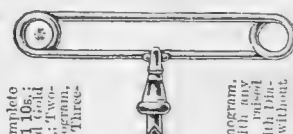
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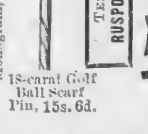
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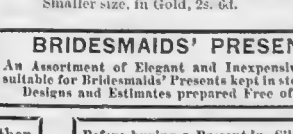
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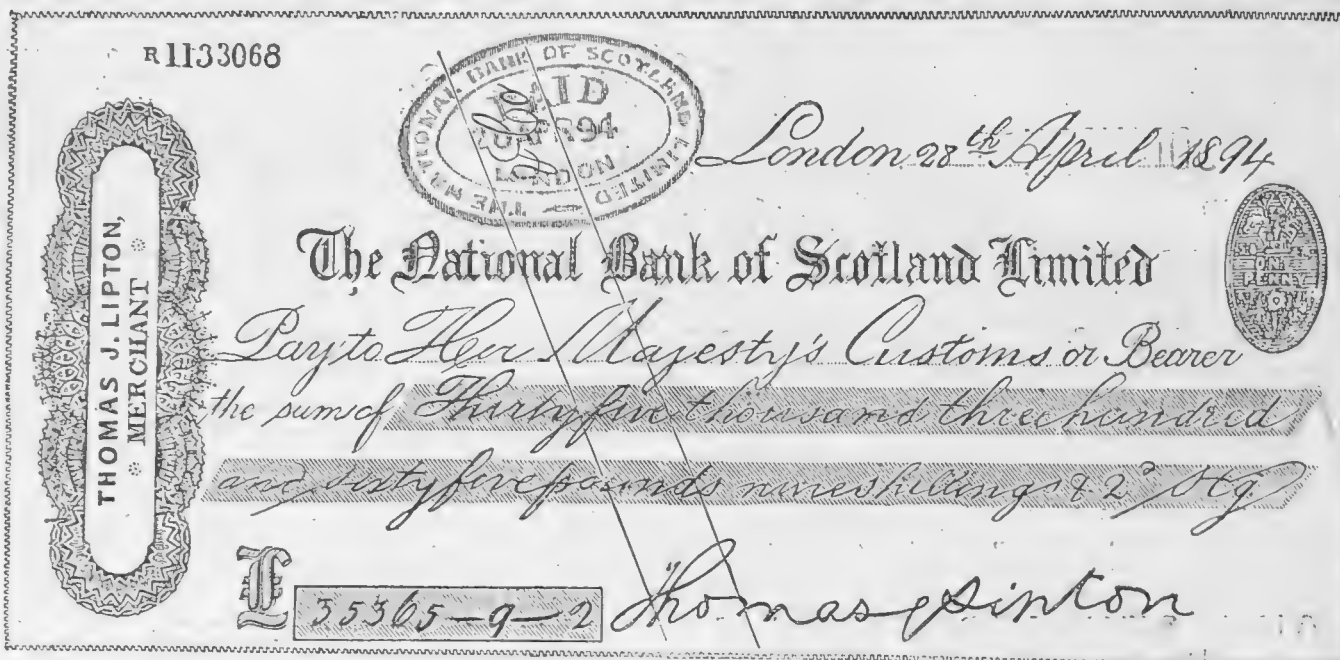
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THE WORLD OF SPORT.

CRICKET.

Although the second great society match of the year was spoiled by rain, a few boys from Eton and Harrow were able to show that they were made of the stuff which produces first-class cricketers. Of the Etonians, the best all-round man was undoubtedly C. C. Pilkington. As a bowler, Cunliffe showed form quite equal to anything seen in the inter-Varsity fixture. Among the Harrovians, Stogdon is a bat of great promise, if, indeed; not one of fulfilment, for he has already this season made over a century in a second-class match. These three boys are likely to be heard of again, either in Varsity or county circles.

Lord's Ground, the other day, was also the scene of a great triumph for L. C. V. Bathurst, who made his *début* for Middlesex, and met with extraordinary success. On a sticky wicket J. T. Hearne is probably one of our best bowlers; but he was not in it compared with the left-handed Oxonian, who captured twelve Sussex wickets for 49 runs. This is far and away better than anything he did in the Varsity match; but, of course, it ought to be remembered that in the latter fixture it was a run-getting wicket. For several years now Middlesex have been in sore straits for a left-handed bowler, or, indeed, a trundler of any class at all. The advent of Bathurst, therefore, should give the metropolitan county a considerable lift. It is just possible that had he been available right through the season Middlesex would have occupied a higher position than they do now, if, indeed, they had not walked off with the championship. Chiefly by the aid of Bathurst in bowling and F. G. J. Ford at batting, Middlesex defeated Sussex by seven wickets.

Mr. A. E. Stoddart has very nearly made up his team, which leaves England for Australia on Sept. 21 in the Ophir. The ten men he has already secured are, I think, worth their places. They are as follow—

A. E. Stoddart (Middlesex), Captain	Briggs (Lancashire)
F. G. J. Ford (Middlesex)	Peel (Yorkshire)
H. Philipson (late Oxford University)	Humphreys (Sussex)
L. H. Gay (Somerset)	Richardson (Surrey)
Ward (A.) (Lancashire)	Lockwood (Surrey)

There are three other places to fill up, which are for the present left open. For these batsmen will be selected, the names given above not furnishing too strong a side in this department of the game. The team expect to be back in England by the second week in May. The colours for cap and scarf are a background of dark blue, with a narrow band of light blue, red, and white. This combines the colours of Melbourne and Sydney, the two bodies under whose auspices the tour is undertaken, and which are respectively dark blue, red, and white and light blue.

Mr. Stoddart still wants more batting talent, and I hear he is exceedingly anxious to get F. S. Jackson and L. C. H. Palaret. I am afraid, however, that these two amateurs will hardly be prevailed upon. Mr. Palaret is newly married, and, except his young wife cares to accompany him, it is hardly likely that he would fly off alone. Mr. Jackson had previously contemplated a visit to America; his chances, too, are rather small. In any case, Mr. Stoddart would do well to request immediately the services of Brockwell, of Surrey. Not only is the Surrey man the best batsman of the season up to date, but he is an excellent bowler, a brilliant fielder, and, better than all that, young, vigorous, and full of pluck. Abel is also worth asking, and Brown, of Yorkshire, would be an acquisition.

The defeat of Somerset by Lancashire in a single day produced one of the most extraordinary matches ever seen. It was, for instance, a phenomenal feat to get rid of Somerset for 31 runs, of which five were extras, and afterwards to go in on the same wicket and knock up 231. At the second attempt, Somerset made a better show with 132, but were ultimately beaten with an innings to spare. Two men were largely responsible for the extraordinary victory of Lancashire. In the first innings, Mold, bowling for all he was worth, captured seven wickets for 10 runs. In the batting department, Sugg, who had been nearly losing his place in the team, knocked up 105 runs in eighty-five minutes. It is rarely, indeed, that we hear of a side being dismissed for 31, and one man on the other side knocking up over a hundred. It just shows one, however, that on a sticky wicket there is no game that pays like hard hitting, and if anyone can hit hard, although not always clean, it is Frank Sugg. The only redeeming point about the display of Somerset was the fine innings of L. C. H. Palaret at the second attempt, when he made 69 runs.

To-morrow, Kent will be found at Catford Bridge, opposing Sussex; Gloucestershire will play Nottingham in the town of lace; while at the Oval a most interesting match will commence between Surrey and Somerset. On the following Monday the ex-champions will go to Birmingham to play Warwickshire, and Somerset go back to Taunton for the reception of Kent. At Sheffield, Yorks meet Derbyshire; at Manchester, Lancashire play Gloucester; and on the same day the Leicestershire men entertain Notts.

LAWN-TENNIS.

I doubt whether finer play has ever been seen than in the championship round between W. Baddeley and W. Pim in the All-England Competition. Twice this season Baddeley had defeated the Irishman, and a day or two previous to the championship round he had simply smothered E. W. Lewis, who up till that time had been showing brilliant form. If

anything, Baddeley was the favourite; but those who knew that Lewis had specially got himself fit for the event were confident that their man would win.

I have never seen a man begin in worse style than Pim. In the first two sets he did not win a single stroke. One could hardly tell from his play whether his nerves were unstrung, or whether it was sheer carelessness that made him start so badly. He was just about losing the third game when he suddenly pulled himself together, and went away with a brilliant rush. Excepting the second set, which was won by Pim at 6 to 2, the game was magnificently contested. As soon as Pim fairly set himself going, it was quickly seen who was the superior party. Baddeley fought sturdily and doggedly, as is his wont; but Pim was simply irresistible. His back-handed cross-volleys were something to be seen and remembered. It is not always pleasant to institute comparisons, but I doubt whether W. Renshaw at his best ever showed form approaching that of Pim on this occasion. In the Ladies' Singles, Mrs. Hildyard was a very easy winner, but she had a walk-over in the championship round, owing to Miss Dod relinquishing the title. The brothers Baddeley, after a hard fight, won the Doubles, but they, too, had a walk-over in the championship round, owing to Pim and Stoker not responding.

CYCLING.

The great twenty-four hours' path race for the Cuca Cocoa Challenge Cup will take place at Herne Hill next Friday and Saturday, beginning at 8 p.m. on the first day and finishing at a similar hour on the second. Frank W. Shorland is the present holder of the cup, and last year he covered a distance of 426 miles 440 yards, F. T. Bidlake being second. Among the entrants for this exciting race I note C. G. Wridgway, R. H. Carter (the recent winner of the Putney twenty-four hours' contest), and R. H. Carlisle.

YACHTING.

The yachting world has been agog over the exciting contests between the Britannia and the Vigilant. We reproduce the solid silver cup, made by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths' Company, and valued at £50, which



CUP WON BY THE YACHT GARDENIA.

the 20-ton cutter Gardenia won in the recent race between Ramsgate and Calais and back, sailed under the auspices of the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club.

"Drizzly Bisley" has scarcely been the ideal holiday this year that some people regard it, but, happily, the weather improved towards the end of the week. The Whitehead Challenge Cup for revolver shooting,



THE WHITEHEAD CHALLENGE CUP.

manufactured by Mappin and Webb, was won by the Volunteer team with a total of 502, against 479 scored by the Army team, 469 by the All-comers, and 381 by the representatives of the Navy.

OLYMPIAN.

SOME RAILWAY BOOKS.

"One of the saddest joys of life is travelling," was a saying of a famous French writer. But in the last remnant of the nineteenth century such a statement has been absolutely refuted by the pleasant conditions under which it is possible to journey. The Midland Railway Company have been one of the most enterprising in their arrangements for the comfort of their clients. A capital pocket guide, containing clear directions of the various tours which may be taken and illustrations of the chief spots of interest on the system, has been issued by this company. An admirable programme is also published by the Midland Railway Company, giving a list of furnished lodgings in farmhouses and county villages adjacent to the railway stations. This is distinctly of advantage to materfamilias. One of the most sumptuous railway guides ever issued is that describing the new West Highland Railway, which connects Glasgow with Oban and Fort William. The scenery through which it passes is picturesquely wild, and the whole region is famed in song and story. "Mountain, Moor, and Loch; Illustrated by Pen and Pencil," as the book is called, is written in an interesting way, and the illustrations—230 in number—are good. As a description of what must be to the great bulk of tourists virgin ground, the book will be welcome, and the region which it describes should attract a little army of pleasure-seekers during the next few months. The new railway has evidently given quite a fillip to the guide literature of the district. "Highland Lochs and Glens" is the name of a gossip book written by Mrs. Tom Kelly, illustrated by Mr. Tom Kelly, and published by Menzies of Edinburgh. Again, Mr. Robert Walker, secretary of the Glasgow Institute of Fine Arts, has written "The Clyde and the Western Highlands," illustrated by W. G. Gillics and others, and published by Virtue, London. It is full of facts: it scores by having an index. Special reference may be made to Mr. Percy Lindley's admirable little guide to Belgium. No country, he reminds us, is more accessible from England, and this year the exhibition at Antwerp makes it more than usually interesting. For this trade, the Great Eastern Railway Company has added to their fleet another steamer, the Vienna, 302 ft. long, built by Earle's Shipbuilding Company. She and her sister-vessels, the Amsterdam and Berlin (which were placed on the Hook of Holland route in May), are the three largest steamers running a daily service between England and the Continent.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

There are many ways of doing Goodwood. Of course, the Upper Ten Thousand pay exorbitant rents for houses in the neighbourhood, and drive their own carriages to and from the course each day; many favour the Isle of Wight; others patronise Bognor, Worthing, and Littlehampton; but the majority of the sporting army proper settle down at Brighton for the Sussex fortnight.

The Stewards' Cup and the Royal Hunt Cup have long been recognised as the enemies of backers. After each race has been decided, one can turn up the "book," as the record of races past is termed, with a feeling, not of satisfaction exactly, but rather of irritation, and, pointing to various performances, say, "Well, I must have been blind not to have backed that thing." For when a good animal has won a race unbacked the gentlemen of the "talent" refer to it as "that thing."

The appearance of the weights for the Goodwood puzzle is the first stage in an agonising study of chances and analysis of form. This one and that one are pointed to as "snips," and another and yet another appear to be as near certainties as possible, until the student, poor fellow, sits down in sheer despair, and asks his Boots what his final is. Now, here is a system that unhappy plungers might try with advantage—and, perhaps, disadvantage—to themselves—that is, if they are scientific mathematicians: Jot down the times each winner has occupied during the last ten years, then put down the weights each horse has carried, and strike the mean. And if you don't find the winner that way there must be something radically wrong.

Goodwood is not a Royal Meeting proper, so we get no procession, but I think it would be a great attraction if the Goodwood house party were to be driven on to the course each day, and then were to enter the enclosure from the front of the stand instead of the back, as they do at present. Many ladies go to Goodwood and come away again without getting anything like a good view of half the royal personages present, although, to the credit of the Prince and Princess of Wales it must be owned, their Royal Highnesses affect the balcony a great deal when they happen to be present.

There is an opinion prevalent at Newmarket that Amiable will go very close for the St. Leger. September is the mares' month, and it is leemed that what Dutch Oven did before Amiable can do again. On the other hand, it must not be overlooked that the three-year-old colts are this year vastly superior to the fillies, and, even should Ladas fail, Matchbox has to be reckoned with. I see no reason to hint at the defeat of Lord Rosebery's colt; but, even should he be beaten at Doncaster, it would not be by Amiable, who is very far from being sound.

When I was present at a certain fashionable race meeting recently, I was standing in the paddock, and heard a certain lady of title make the following remark as a well-known featherweight jockey came to weigh in: "What a funny-looking little mite!"

I wonder how jockeys look when they grow to be men." Well, there is not much in this pretty sentence, yet, just as it was spoken, there came along a man—and a very fine specimen of a man, too—who had been a jockey, and it struck me that his picture would be worth reproducing for the benefit of titled ladies and others. The gentleman referred to is Mr. Robert Sherwood, of Newmarket, the well-known trainer, who lands big coups occasionally for Lord Randolph Churchill and Lord Dunraven. Mr. Sherwood was born at Epsom, where



Photo by H. R. Sherborn, Newmarket.

MR. R. SHERWOOD.

his father trained for many years and where his brother Tom now prepares horses. Robert achieved fame as a jockey by riding Wild Dayrell to victory in the Derby. The horse belonged to Mr. Popham, who, it was said at the time, was so superstitious that he would run away if he saw a hearse coming. Mr. Sherwood, when he commenced training, was employed by Sir Robert Jardine to look after a stud, but the venture was not a big success. But honours fell fast on Mr. Sherwood later in life, as he prepared St. Gatien for the Derby and Cesarewitch and Florence for the Cambridgeshire. He, after this, trained a long string of horses for Colonel North, which are now under the care of his son, Mr. R. Sherwood, jun. As I have before stated, Mr. Sherwood is a fine-looking man, standing nearly six feet, very erect. It hardly seems possible to realise that he was once a light-weight jockey, as just now he could not go to scale an ounce under eighteen stone.

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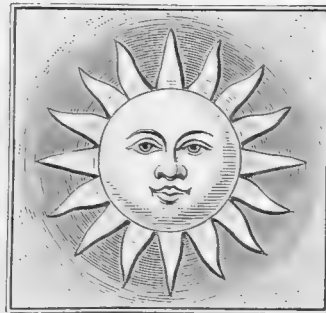
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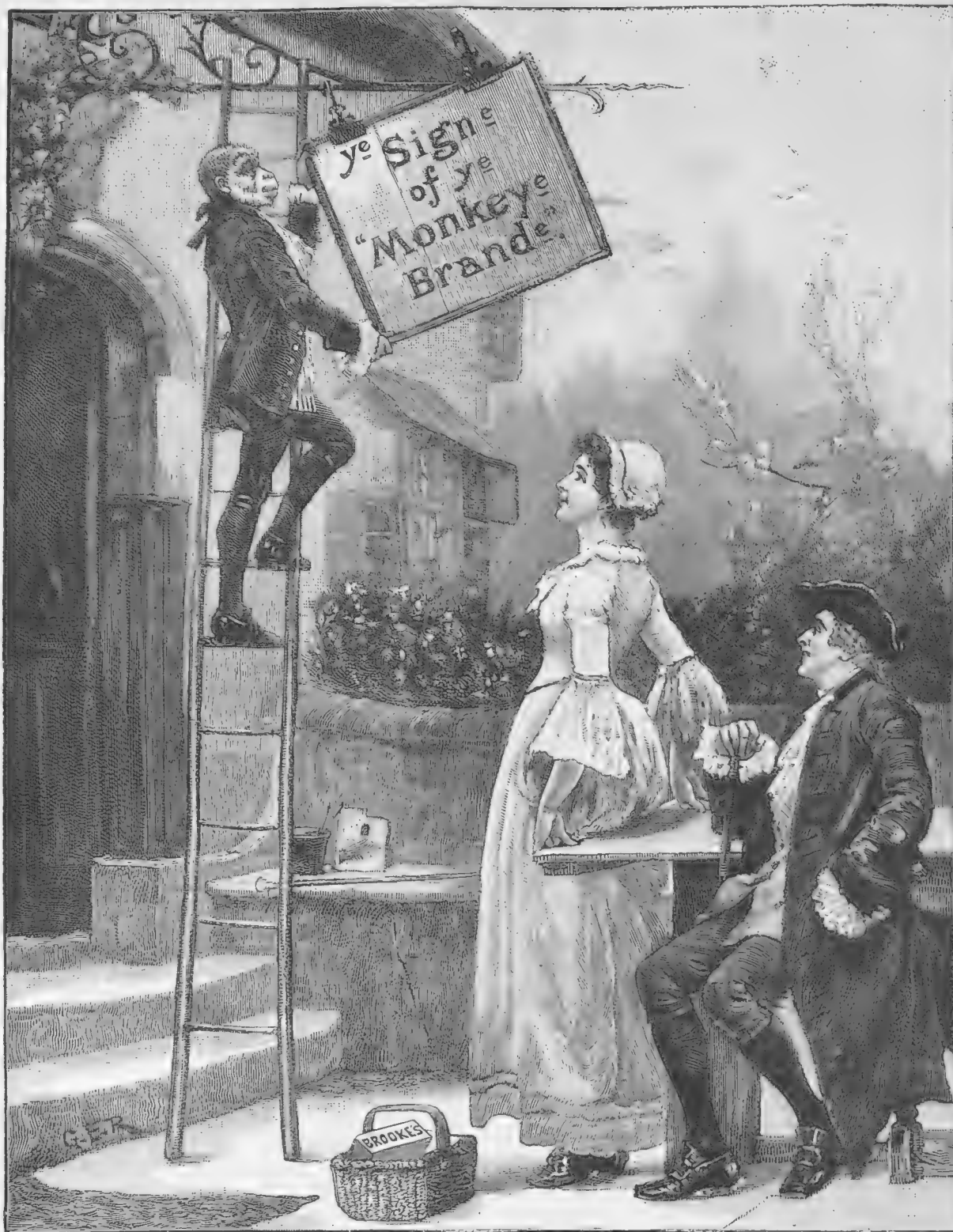
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PARLIAMENT.

BY "A CAUTIOUS CONSERVATIVE."

There was a prospect of some disunion in the Unionist party on Wednesday last over the opposition to the Evicted Tenants Bill. Mr. T. W. Russell was the cause. Mr. Russell has been a source of friction and possible danger for some months now. It is about two months since he quarrelled with the attitude taken up by the Conservative Irish landlords over Mr. Kilbride's Land Bill. At that time he announced that he meant to give up political life, and would not stand again for South Tyrone at the General Election. But this difficulty was smoothed over, and, about three weeks ago now, Mr. Russell told his Unionist friends that he was quite reconciled to the tactics, for which the official leaders of the Opposition were responsible. It is, therefore, something of an unexpected blow to find the "fat in the fire" again. I must say, however, that Mr. Russell has not been very well used just lately by the Irish landlords. It all comes of the rather shifty tactics which have been employed in fighting the Evicted Tenants Bill. The leaders, Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain, have been put into a difficulty by Mr. Morley's conciliatory speech on the first reading and the rumours of his intending a compromise, and the consequence was that nobody quite knew whether the Bill was to be met with a direct negative or not. In this situation, the Unionist leaders asked Mr. Russell to frame an amendment to the Bill, short of a motion to reject it. He did so; and then the Irish Conservatives, led by Colonel Saunderson, objected, because it was not strong enough. Mr. Russell was ready to give way to some extent, but too much was required of him, and he revolted.

THE REASON, AND A WARNING.

And what is at the bottom of it all? This: Mr. Russell has been made the ally of the Ulster landlords through Home Rule, but he himself is the representative of Ulster tenants, who in the old days were Liberals and demanded Liberal legislation about land. If Home Rule is dead, or if the Ulster tenant-farmers think there is no reason to fear it, they quicken up at once to their old desires of getting all they can out of their landlords. That is one possible cause of friction in the North of Ireland. But there is another motive at work in regard to the Evicted Tenants Bill. Mr. T. W. Russell is one of those who regard these tenants as a great source of social danger which ought to be removed, and he is very anxious that it should not fall to the lot of the Unionist party to have to remove it, and so to condone the fraud and scoundrelism of the Plan of Campaign. "If it has got to be done," he says, "let us take care that this Radical Home Rule Government does it; and don't let us back up the House of Lords to reject the Bill, but try and whittle it down, and get what compensation we can for the evicted 'planters' out of the Church Fund or elsewhere." This view is, of course, the opportunist view; whereas the Ulster landlord, who looks on the Plan of Campaign, its authors and dupes, as a scheme of plunder invented by blackguards and traitors, and carried out by undeserving ruffians, stands on the bed-rock of principle in denouncing all such compromises as breaking the moral law of "Thou shalt not steal."

WHAT ABOUT THE IRISHMEN?

But the real fact of the matter in regard to the Evicted Tenants Bill is that, however well meant it may be by English Radicals, the Irish Nationalists do not mean to take it as a final "message of peace." The Nationalist papers have already denounced the Bill, and the support given in Parliament is never accompanied by any pledge to drop the Plan of Campaign if the Bill is passed. This is what justifies Conservative opposition, and will justify the House of Lords in rejecting the Bill. If it really would pacify Ireland, we might accept it. But it won't, and the Irish members don't mean it to.

PROSPECTS FOR THE SESSION.

There never was a huger joke than Sir William Harcourt's programme for the rest of the session. It can only be explained on the assumption that, having brought in the Biggest Budget of the century, he also wanted to announce the Biggest Parliamentary Absurdity. Mr. Chamberlain was splendid in his merciless criticism on Thursday evening; but most effective of all was his exposure of Sir Wilfrid Lawson and the Local Veto party. This unfortunate measure has again been massacred, in spite of all the promises of the Government and the assurances of Sir Wilfrid himself. As Mr. Chamberlain read out Sir Wilfrid Lawson's letter of a year ago to Mr. White, the unfortunate apostle of temperance sat close to his accuser, and was visibly not enjoying it. It is rather difficult to say what will be the outcome of the new arrangements for winding up the session. There is three weeks' or a month's work in Supply, and one cannot even forecast when it will be begun. The Evicted Tenants Bill, the Equalisation of Rates Bill, and the Scotch Local Government Bill are all measures to which the Speaker would hesitate to apply the closure, even if Mr. Morley moved it every evening. It is pretty certain, however, that Mr. Peel will have his work cut out for him, for the closure will be the only way of getting the Bills through with any despatch. Meanwhile, the relations between Lord Rosebery and his colleagues in the Commons are becoming more and more strained, and nobody would be surprised if a smash came at any moment. The dinner to Sir William Harcourt on Aug. 1 is now universally called the Anti-Rosebery banquet, and Sir William himself has gone so far as to make contemptuous allusions in the House to Lord Rosebery's racing proclivities. Mr. Labouchere is also on the war-path, and the longer the session continues the more chances there are of some serious crisis.

PARLIAMENT.

BY "A RASH RADICAL."

Since Lord Rosebery has been Premier the House of Lords has been quite interesting. Before that time Lord Rosebery took hardly any part in the proceedings of the House. He was very rarely present, and he would drop in and out in the most perfunctory and casual way. Now he is regular in his attendance, and, what is more, he will stand up to Lord Salisbury in a way which makes that stout old despot "sit up" to a very considerable degree. The latest encounter has been over the Budget. The Peers are, no doubt, hankering after amendments to the Budget, and, if they dared, would like to destroy it altogether. Of course, they have no shadow of a right to do anything of the kind. Supply is the immemorial privilege of the Commons, and the Lords can neither originate nor destroy the provision for the year's taxation. Lord Salisbury would dearly like to smash up the engine of the taxation of his own class. He began in a rather fumbling, hesitating fashion by suggesting that the Lords would want a good deal of time to consider the Bill. Lord Rosebery got up smiling. Really, he suggested, is it worth while? You can do nothing whatever to the Bill. Your debate would be an idle farce, and you had better, for your own sakes, leave it alone. Lord Salisbury retorted with a very feeble attempt to show that there were precedents for the Lords dealing with Finance Bills, and went back as far as 1826. The Lords have really no atom of a case for interfering with the Budget. They may now and then, at their own peril, tinker a Bill which is not a Finance Bill on the face of it, but which happens to contain, incidentally, some proposals for taxation, but they cannot possibly "chuck" the Budget, or, still less, amend it.

OBSTRUCTION AGAIN.

The Government programme is out, and it is certainly ambitious enough. Evicted Tenants, Equalisation of Rates, Scotch Local Government, Eight Hours (Mines), and a whole host of what, by a pleasant fiction, Sir William chooses to call non-contentious measures are down on the list. How many of them will be passed, I wonder? Evicted Tenants can be forced through, and so, perhaps, can the next two Bills. But the Eight Hours (Mines) Bill will be fought to the death, both by the main body of the Tories and by the little knot of *laissez-faire* Liberals led by Mr. David Thomas and Sir Joseph Pease. Even this measure of success, however, will depend upon whether the Government will put their backs up and stand no nonsense. Of course, they will have to get the consent of the Speaker to the closure, but I fancy this will on occasion be given. The trouble, however, will largely arise in Committee. Mr. Mellor does not use his powers as he might and ought to use them. He fails to stop obstructive speeches, amendments repeating each other, and purely trifling discussions. If he had done this, the Budget and the Home Rule Bill might have been got through much faster than was actually the case. A weak Chairman makes the closure difficult and full of tension, so that Sir William's task will be no easy one. But he is a clever man, full of resources, and as wily even as Mr. Chamberlain. By-the-way, Thursday's debate was notable for the revival of the mischief-making irony in which Mr. Chamberlain, above all men, delights. His chaff of Sir William Harcourt and Sir Wilfrid Lawson over the postponement of the Local Veto Bill was really an excellent piece of comedy, but, like everything Mr. Chamberlain does, it had its bitter side—now it was a pat of the velvet paw, now a stroke of the sharp claws. Mr. Chamberlain carried the House with him, made it laugh consumedly, succeeded in greatly irritating the Leader of the House, and sat down extremely well satisfied with his performance.

THE RUSSELL REVOLT.

Meanwhile, we have had another of the little outbursts in which Mr. T. W. Russell diversifies the monotony of the session. A queer Parliamentarian is "T. W.," compacted equally of fanaticism and williness. Now he is the untiring spokesman of the bitterest kind of Unionism; now, again, he sides with the Nationalists on the Land Question, and vows and protests that he will have nothing more to do with the Orange landlords or any of their works. However, after shaking the dust off his feet, as a testimony against them, Mr. Russell returns quite meekly to the Unionist fold, and bleats away with the best of them. For the moment he is in revolt. Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain have been whittling away his amendment to the Evicted Tenants Bill, until it has assumed a form which, in Mr. Russell's opinion, denudes it of all significance whatever, and reduces it to the sheer *non possumus* attitude of men like the Duke of Abercorn and Colonel Saunderson. This was more than "T. W." could stand. He has all along protested that, though he has nothing whatever to say to Mr. Morley's plan, he wants to see the evicted tenants back again, and will help to devise any proper machinery for effecting the object. The Irish landlords will by no means accept this position, and they decline to go one inch in the direction whither, according to Mr. Russell, the peace of Ireland is alone to be sought. So he withdrew his amendment, spread fire and fury in the Lobby, and sat in glum silence during the opening of a debate in which, under ordinary circumstances, he would have been the most energetic spokesman of his party. I do not suppose this demonstration will last. There have been so many before it, and they have all come to nothing. The thing is significant, however, of the way in which men with some concern for the tenants' interests are required to come to heel at the first flick of the Irish landlords' whip.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FASHIONS UP TO DATE.

It is labour lost to discourse on anything just at present which does not relate in some way to the all-enthralling subject of summer holidays, yet surely, as the average woman could not, under any circumstances, thoroughly appreciate the delights of country or seaside unless at the same time she could revel in the consciousness of possessing some smart new gowns, pretty enough to distract the attention of onlookers of both sexes from the surrounding scenery—surely, then, I say, there is an inseparable connection between fashions and holidays, and this being the

case, let me introduce you this week to two exceedingly fascinating gowns, specially designed for yachting, seaside, or holiday wear. The first one has a plain, perfectly-cut skirt of dark blue serge, fastened at each side with three large pearl buttons, the smart little Eton coat, also of the serge, being worn over a blouse of cream-coloured mousseline de soie, which is arranged with a deep sailor collar, forming a graceful fichu drapery in front and finished with an edging of Valenciennes lace, run through with pale mauve babyribbon. The loosely-

knotted ends are caught in at the waist by a draped band of mauve silk, and the full sleeves are edged with an accordion-pleated frill of the mousseline de soie and lace. Altogether a delightfully *chic* and becoming gown, and yet a very serviceable one, and as to the price—only four and a-half guineas—it is moderation itself. As you will most certainly want to know where to obtain this very desirable gown, I will inform you that it



is the production of clever Madame Thorpe, of 106, New Bond Street, and the second dress sketched was also designed by her for your special benefit.

The material is in this case a particularly fine and beautiful species of oatmeal cloth in a delicate shade of turquoise blue, the plain skirt relieved by a broad sash of white silk, which passes round the waist and is knotted at the right side, the long ends being effectively embroidered with pale blue silk cord. Straps of the embroidered silk also appear on the perfectly plain bodice, which fastens invisibly at the side in a way which is calculated to set off a good figure to the very best advantage, and which is completed by shoulder-capes of white accordion-pleated silk, which are continued into a deep sailor collar at the back. The full bishops' sleeves are caught into wristbands of the embroidered silk, and there is a collar to match, and yet—rejoice and be glad—the price of this truly pretty thing is actually only five and a-half guineas! Surely that fact will complete your conquest; but if you are still obdurate, what do you think of a gown composed of fine cloth in a lovely shade of green—the fashionable colour for autumn wear, you will remember—the skirt finished off with a waved band of the same cloth, this same pretty and simple trimming appearing on the slightly full basques and the plain collar? The bodice was slashed in front in the quaintest and prettiest manner possible, with chiné glacé silk, the white ground bearing a design of blurred pink roses, the silk puffing out prettily at the bust, while you only caught a suggestion of it at the waist, where it tapered to a point, with exceedingly good effect upon the figure. The full sleeves were of green silk, and there was a pretty little jabot of the same material; while, as a perfect finish for outdoor wear, there was a tiny cape of the cloth, lined with silk, and bordered with a waved band of the cloth. This dress would plead its own cause, if you saw it, far better than I can do in words, for it was simply perfect and decidedly original; and I also commend to your notice some smart gowns of Scotch Cheviot mixtures (in which a wonderful shade of pale cornflower-blue predominates), made with double-breasted coat bodices, cut short to the waist, and fastened with buttons matching those at each side of the skirt, the costume being completed by a small but serviceable cape. Nor can I resist mentioning

an ideal afternoon-gown of check silk glacé, the gold-coloured ground shot with tender green and pink. There was a sash, of course—for this mode of finishing gowns is still exceedingly popular—composed in this case of green silk, the skirt being bordered with leaf-shaped ruchings of pinked-out silk, which had a very pretty effect. The pinafore bodice was of creamy white lisse, exquisitely embroidered, the points cleverly arranged over a yoke of the checked silk, and held in by shoulder-straps of green silk, and even in a word-picture, and without the charm of its dainty colouring, this gown is, I fancy, quite sufficient to draw you to 106, New Bond Street. Once you are there, you will find any number of garments which will tend to increase the enjoyment of your holidays, should you become their possessor; and also plenty of novelties, in spite of the fact that we are in the midst of the dull season. Let me just, however, give you a hint, in conclusion, as to a very good investment for two guineas in the shape of a blouse bodice of turquoise-blue silk, patterned with white, arranged in front with a full jabot tapering to a point at the waist; while the sides are entirely covered with handsome white guipure, the back being arranged in full pleats. The waist is outlined by a rouleau of silk, a smart little rosette being placed at each side in front, and the full sleeves terminate in tiny cuffs, turned back with lace. Such a garment as this is of inestimable value during holiday time, for by its means you can transform the plainest skirt into a dressy and smart costume, which will do service on almost any occasion.

So much for the most attractive side of our holiday outfit; but it would indeed be a tempting of the clerk of the weather—and in very truth he needs no such temptation—were we to be so rash as to venture on a three or four weeks' absence from town without being quite prepared for the rain to descend in torrents even on the most unexpected occasion, and so it behoves us all to see to our waterproofs. There is one thing for which we should be truly thankful: it is not, nowadays, a penance to carry a waterproof when we go out for a day's excursion, or to wear it if the weather be distinctly threatening, for modern inventive genius has gone to a considerable amount of trouble to produce garments which conceal their waterproof qualities, and are smart and attractive enough to be donned with absolute pleasure instead of grieved reluctance. Take, for instance, the latest development in waterproof cloaks, which has been very aptly called the "Distingué," and see what has been done on behalf of womankind in wet weather. Here you have

a cloak made in a variety of pretty colourings and materials, and cut in several novel and distinctly smart shapes, ventilated, as well, to perfection by means of an arrangement of open-work webbing at the back, and provided, above all—blessed be the inventor! say I—with a slit at the side of the skirt, by means of which you can slip your hand through and hold your dress well up out of the reach of mud and rain, while the waterproof hangs all round at its full length. This arrangement alone is sufficient to make the "Distingué" waterproof universally beloved by women, for who does not know the weariness and discomfort of holding up a heavy bunch of waterproof and skirt, while ankles and petticoats get unpleasantly damp, or the worse misery of knowing that one's dress is becoming more bedraggled and dirty with every step? Then, if you want to still further disguise the fact of your cloak being a waterproof, you can get one in which the rubber lining is carried out in some pretty pattern and shade which gives it the appearance of being lined with some textile material, this, too, without any addition in weight. As

to the shapes, the "Golf," of which I have got a sketch for you, is one of the prettiest and smartest, and one of the most suitable, too, for holiday wear, the cape being provided with a detachable hood, and fastened in front with a military chain and balls, while two straps, which cross the figure in front, and fasten at the back, keep the cloak in perfect position under any circumstances: so, altogether, you see what a valuable addition to a holiday outfit is a "Distingué" cloak, for in fine weather you can wear it as a dust-cloak



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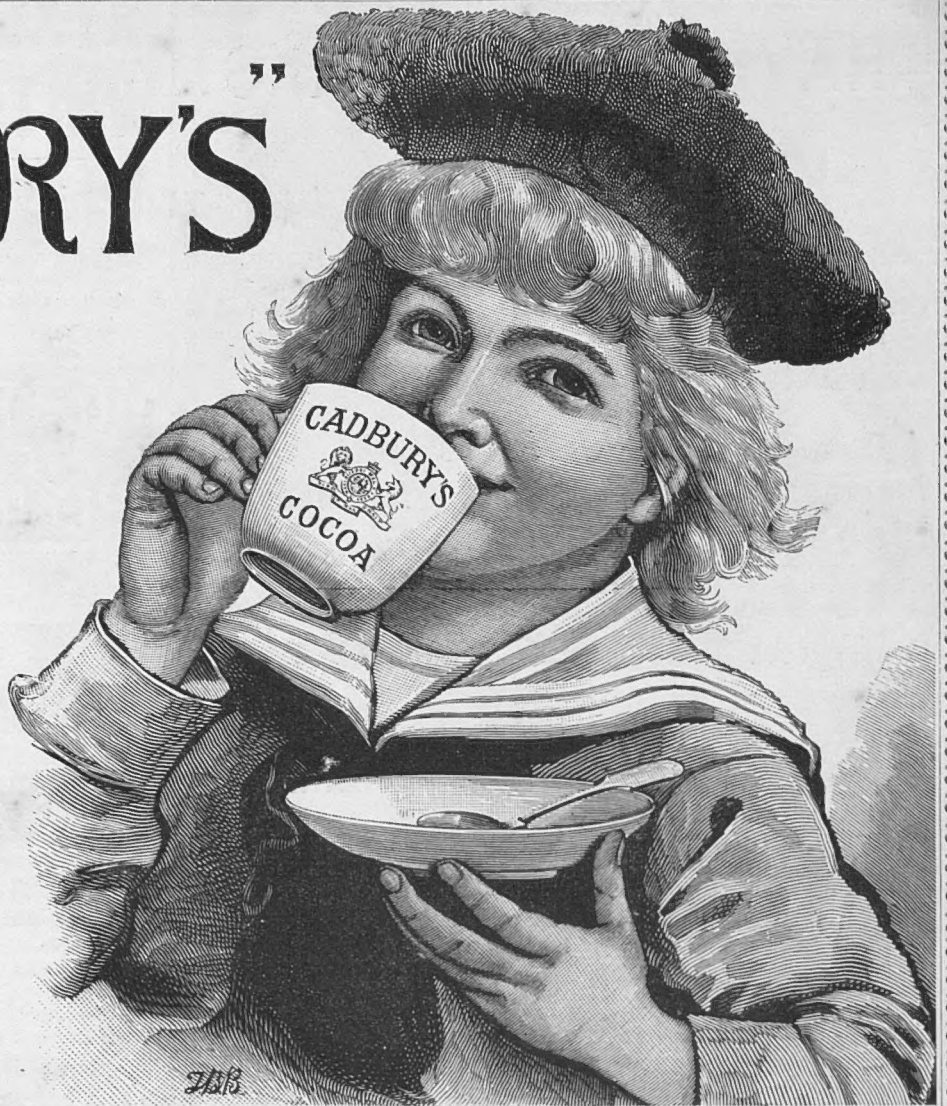
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THE COSMOSINE CO., 44, Granby Row, Manchester.

Six Boxes, carriage free, in Case, direct on receipt of Postal Order for 15s.

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THE PUREST & CHEAPEST of all TABLE WATERS. Absolutely Pure Distilled Water, supercharged with Carbonic Acid Gas.

The "LANCET" says: "No purer or more trustworthy beverage could be produced."

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Delivered free in London and Suburbs.

KOLA CHAMPAGNE, A NON-ALCOHOLIC TONIC & STIMULANT.

The Lancet says: "Delicate in flavour. . . . Contains the recuperative principles of cocoa and tea."

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Case of 12 Quarts, 6/-; 24 Pints, 7/-.
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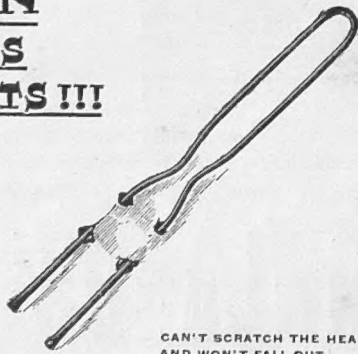
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Invaluable for COUGHS, COLDS, INFLUENZA, and THROAT IRRITATION.

Act by inhalation and absorption directly upon the respiratory organs. Contain no poison.

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In Cases of 72 Pastilles, 1s. 1½d. Can be ordered through any Chemist, or post free, on receipt of price, from the Wholesale Depot—**FASSETT AND JOHNSON, 32, SNOW HILL, LONDON, E.C.**

and in wet weather as a waterproof. The prices, too, are so moderate that all purses can be suited, as you can find out by a visit to any of the leading drapers, all of whom keep the "Distingué." And when you get back from your holiday the usefulness of your cloak will have only commenced, for by that time we shall be—alas!—within measurable distance of winter.



THE GOLF "DISTINGUÉ" WATERPROOF.

at any rate, pay him the compliment in return of sending for a copy of his new catalogue and having a look at his new premises. They are both worthy of notice, I can assure you.

FLORENCE.

One special advantage which Transatlantic passengers enjoy at the Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool, is that they may go on board the steamers by a special tender an hour before the special trains arrive from London. This saves a considerable portion of the usual bustle.

The summer number of the *Western Weekly News* shows a marked advance on its predecessors both in interest and illustration. There are portraits of various west-country celebrities, including Mr. Baring-Gould, Mr. W. E. Norris, "Q," and Mr. J. Passmore Edwards, and reproductions of different lovely parts of Devonshire. The amount of fiction that can be crammed into forty pages is astonishing. There are twenty stories by E. Lester Arnold, Joseph Hatton, Grant Allen, and others. Much useful information as to conveyances, &c., will help the holiday-seeker in Devon and Cornwall. Interviews with Mr. Norris, Mr. Mark Guy Pearse, and Mr. Isaac Latimer, the well-known journalist, are worth reading, and give a good deal of new information.

The Church and the Stage seem to become increasingly friendly. Last week saw the opening of a new and charming little theatre at Woodcote House, Goring, the residence of the Rev. H. G. Nind, and the play chosen for production was a one-act musical farce, entitled "No Ball: Not Out!" which was written and composed expressly by Mr. Harold Snagge, the secretary of the Oxford University Dramatic Society. The cast included Mr. and Mrs. Nind and their pretty daughters, in addition to several other ladies and gentlemen, all of whom sang, danced, and acted exceedingly well. New scenery had been specially designed, and Messrs. Clarkson and Nathan supplied the wigs and dresses. A very graceful *pas de deux* was danced by the Misses Ellen and Alice Nind, while Miss Reibey, in the part of Maggie, a maid-of-all-work, scored a genuine success with her opening song, "I only gets five 'ours of sleep." Of the male parts, Mr. Atkinson, as a lodger in fancy dress, was the most successful. The overture and accompaniments were very delicately played by a carefully-selected orchestra of ladies and gentlemen, conducted by the composer.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the "Illustrated London News" Offices, World Buildings, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, and Adelaide.

TO AUTHORS AND OTHERS.

It is particularly requested that no further poems or short stories be sent to *The Sketch*, as the Editor has a supply sufficient to last him well into the twentieth century.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The recent christening of a probable future Sovereign of these isles has aroused much comment, but seems to have given general satisfaction. It was a happy thought to place the new Prince under the guardianship of all the national saints at once. To be sure, this involves the labelling of the illustrious baby with seven names, three family and four saintly, but royal personages have to get used to this. No doubt, a working selection will soon be made. Otherwise it might be awkward if a nurse should have to call, "Now, then, Edward Albert Christian George Andrew Patrick David, you naughty Prince! Come away from the fire!" Obviously, a very serious accident might happen before the infant grasped the situation.

Still, the name is hard to forge,
So from that is saved
Edward Albert Christian George
Andrew Patrick David.

Probably, in any less august family circle, the natural result would be that the child of many hopes and many names would, be known by some appellation that was never given him at the font. If I might suggest a compromise, I think Jim would do very well. Jim is an excellent name for persons who were not christened James. Compilers of dictionaries affect to believe that Jim is an abbreviation of James. In this they do but show their folly. Jim and James connote entirely different individuals. Jim is, in fact, the best possible title for a person overstocked with useless names. Nobody is christened Jim, and to call a man Jim generally implies that his name is not James. However, Jack would do nearly as well, since the infant Prince has no such name as John.

It is perfectly obvious that he cannot assume the name of any of his four patron saints. Whether there would be jealousy in their celestial minds, I know not. But I am sure that to call him merely George would be a dangerous concession to the "predominant partner," while to prefer any of the other three saints would mean the disruption of the Government party.

The Welsh and Scotch and Irish gorge
Would rise if we should style him George;
And Scotland would the rash demand rue
If we should call the infant Andrew;
As reprehensible as that trick
It would be if we called him Patrick;
And till we are by Wales enslaved
We really cannot style him David.

A Prince in arms suggests "Arms and the Man." All lovers of wit and cleverness must grieve over the brief run—as times go—of Mr. Bernard Shaw's delightful comedy. And most of those who liked the play must grieve that Mr. Shaw has seen fit to rebuke his critics in the *New Review*. To be sure, some of them displayed in great plenty the ignorance of all things besides the stage which is a characteristic of many dramatic critics. To take Bluntschli for a coward is as crass a mistake as any man could make. But when Mr. Shaw goes on to protest that he has been strictly realistic, he is either making a well-concealed joke, or deceiving himself as completely as he misled his critics. The personages are Bulgarian, but the humbug is English middle-class suburban pretence. Hence the Bulgarian traits introduced seemed offensive because they were without their necessary context.

Then, again, the offence given by some of the dramatist's references to military matters was rather due to the occasional obtrusion of the Socialist distaste for the military spirit than to the bits of realism. In his article this comes out more plainly. Herein is the contradiction of the Socialist temper. Mr. Shaw, confounding independence with insubordination, says he respects a regiment more for mutiny than for strict discipline. But surely this Socialist ideal can be carried out without a very strict and rigid discipline.

But there is one great reason why Mr. George Bernard Shaw should have held his peace concerning his critics. He is a critic himself, and must know by experience how easy it is to go wrong on artistic subjects, even when one writes for a weekly and not for a daily paper. And I have heard complaints from certain composers of music—complaints of what they called the arrogant self-sufficiency and dogmatic ignorance of someone who signs himself "G. B. S."—far more bitter than any that Mr. George Bernard Shaw makes of his critics.

MARMITON.

NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

"All is not Gold that Glitters."

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, July 21, 1894.

The slight increase in the demand for loanable capital which appeared earlier in the week has scarcely been sustained. The reduction of £991,000 in the Public Deposits and increase of £994,000 in the Other Deposits accounts for the continued ease; but you must not forget that we must now look for the customary expansion of the currency, which may be larger than usual if there is a good harvest, or if there is any foundation for the suggestion that in Scotland gold is slowly but surely supplanting the old one-pound notes. At the same time, the enormous accumulation of gold in this country secures us against anything but comparative dearth for a considerable period.

The Stock markets have been quiet, but the general tone is good, with a tendency towards increased firmness, especially for Home Rails, which have been helped by the unexpected increase in the Great Eastern dividend, following on the good Brighton distribution announced last week. The London, Tilbury, and Southend and the Midland Great Western of Ireland pay the same dividend as last year, and the latter carries forward £2300 more.

The Chatham dividend of £2 5s., as against £2 8s. last year, was announced yesterday, and produced a very favourable impression. The preference are up, and the ordinaries 3-8 at 15½, after having been higher. Since the retirement of Sir Edward Watkin from the South-Eastern chairmanship, it is said the negotiations between the two companies have progressed most favourably, and that they are hard at it, with a real desire on both sides to adopt economies.

The American market is, naturally, weak and sensitive. The strike is over, and its direct effects prove to have been exaggerated, but who can estimate the indirect effects? What possible confidence can investors have in a country which has not yet mastered the elementary principles of public order, and where the main arteries of communication can be paralysed by howling mobs, while local governors protest against the employment of Federal troops?

Our views as to the Atchison reorganisation appear to be shared by the majority of the bondholders. It is hoped that the President's intervention will overcome the Tariff difficulties, but until they are overcome you must not expect any good American markets. English traders' and manufacturers' despair at the Tariff troubles is natural, but shortsighted. These and suchlike trade troubles in America keep alive English trade supremacy "from Greenland's icy mountains to Africa's coral strand"—a far cheaper Strand, by-the-way, than the one celebrated for producing *The Sketch*.

Some of the Argentine railways are stronger on improving traffics. Buenos Ayres and Rosario publish an increase of £3082, Central Argentine £2098, Buenos Ayres Great Southern £820, and Buenos Ayres and Pacific 17,000 dollars.

If it were not for the high rate of exchange, the best of the Argentine railways would command greatly enhanced prices, and a stable Government would quickly reduce the premium on gold. This premium is largely due, not to the depreciation of silver, but to the depreciation of *paper*.

The daring proposals of the Great Southern of Spain Railway seem likely to provoke serious opposition. The Industrial Trust, which is a large holder of the comparatively new Prior Lien bonds, has issued a circular to the other holders inviting co-operation, and, as it will take a three-fourths majority to vote away the rights of these bonds, there ought to be no difficulty in bringing the company to reason. Its modest proposal is to water the existing issue of Prior Lien bonds, and, at the same time, to scale down the interest from 6 per cent. to 5.

I hope, dear Sir, you have no money sunk in the Imperial Property Investment Company. The principle of borrowing low and lending high is very profitable, and the company has paid dividends of from 10 to 30 per cent., but, as long as people will shut their eyes to inevitable facts, and borrow short while they lend long, such profits must be short-lived, and lead to the inevitable catastrophe.

We hear that a company is being quietly formed to buy up twenty or thirty hosiers' businesses, and that a director is wanted with money—not necessarily with any knowledge of the hosiery trade. If the directorship is offered to you, dear Sir, we advise you to—decline with thanks. It is the duty of a director to direct, not to find money for a trade he does not understand.

The District Messengers Service Company is offering £25,000 A 5 per cent. debenture stock and £25,000 B second debentures. These are very tempting rates of interest for debentures—too tempting. We advise you to have nothing to do with them, but to keep your money for the issue next week of £250,000 Prior Lien 4 per cent. debentures of the Trustees and Executors Corporation.

According to the scheme published some months ago, they will be secured by the actual assignment to trustees of specific securities worth £800,000 or £900,000 and of nearly £600,000 of uncalled capital. As the shareholders have paid up £5 10s. per share and are paying another 30s., there is good ground for thinking the uncalled capital alone a pretty tidy security for £250,000. If you are lucky enough to get an allotment, stick to it, dear Sir. We hear there will be a great rush; but there is so much in a name that probably some people will not apply because the Trustees, Executors, and Securities Insurance Corporation, Limited, used to have a board of directors who mismanaged a fine business, and got the concern into difficulties, which necessitated the borrowing of this money.

Contrary to anticipation, the report of the Investigation Committee

is not yet out. The delay is occasioning some speculation, but is capable, we think, of very easy explanation. There may be differences of opinion in the committee as to certain points. Being a hybrid committee, this is more than likely; but we do not think there will be any toning down in regard to essential matters, and we venture to think that the appearance of the report will be followed by a rise in the value of the shares.

The Dalziel collapse is very unfortunate for the proprietors, but we think the little handful of foolish people who applied for shares and who now get their money back have more luck than they deserve. The touting of the issue from an extremely dubious quarter put all sensible people on their guard. We hope bankruptcy will be avoided, in the interests of the many who want cheap news, but we understand customers have received notices to pay their accounts to a certain bank.

We trust there may be truth in the persistent rumours which sent up Greek bonds yesterday afternoon, that M. Tricoupis was prepared to yield something to the pressure.

We are glad to hear that Mr. Bythell has seen his way to accept the offer of the Manchester Ship Canal directors, as this ought to mean clever individual control, which is just what the canal wants.

We understand that next week is to see the conversion of another big London brewery and other well-known industrial concerns into limited liability companies.—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq.

LAMB, SHEARER, AND CO.

COMPANY ISSUES OF THE WEEK.

The following prospectuses have reached us—

BANK OF NEW ZEALAND 4 PER CENT. GUARANTEED STOCK.—The prospectus of this issue is advertised in to-day's papers, the issue price being 101½, payable 5 per cent. on application, 26½ on allotment, and the balance on Oct. 26. We suppose the issue will be taken up readily, whatever may be hidden in the background. It was in good demand yesterday at a premium of 1½ to 1¾, but was easier towards the close of the market at about ¾ to 1.

THE CORK COMPANY, LIMITED, is being floated under respectable auspices to purchase the businesses of Fisher, Howard, and Sons and the Companhia de Cortiças of Portugal, together with patents for grinding corks by machinery instead of cutting them by hand. It offers £100,000 (out of £150,000) 6 per cent. preference, and £133,335 (out of £200,000) ordinaries. The rest, with £100,000 deferred shares, is taken by the vendors (fully paid) in part payment of £297,983, the purchase price. There is a careful and elaborate report by Messrs. Price, Waterhouse, and Co., which clearly shows the impossibility of forming a reliable opinion as to the goodness or badness of the investment.

THE BRITISH WRECK-RAISING AND SALVAGE COMPANY, LIMITED, has been formed with a capital of £100,000 in £5 shares (the whole of which are offered for subscription) to undertake the salvage of sunken and stranded vessels, this work having hitherto been mainly undertaken by foreign companies. They propose to build four camels, each capable of lifting 1000 tons. The head-quarters of the company are to be at Liverpool.

PARKE'S DRUG STORES, LIMITED.—This is a company formed for the purpose of carrying on shops for selling chemicals, drugs, &c., and doing "high-class dispensing by fully-qualified chemists at popular prices." A contract has been entered into for securing the services of a Mr. John Murison as managing director "for a period of at least five years," which may mean twenty-five years, determinable at the end of the first five years, at Mr. Murison's option. The prospectus is silent as to what Mr. Murison's remuneration is to be, and the agreement is not offered for inspection—at least, only one contract is offered for inspection, and that, we presume, is the contract in which Mr. Murison figures as the vendor, for £20,000, of "the three first established stores," two of which were opened in 1891 and the third in 1892. The profits are only certified as to the first two shops for twelve months, while the last, which is given for fifteen months, only shows a profit of 2½ per cent., the explanation being "that the accounts include all the preliminary and other expenses." This may be a most excellent investment, but, if so, the prospectus must have been drawn with the object of bashfully concealing its excellences.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We have reason to think that the letters of two correspondents have miscarried in the post. If not answered next week, will the writers kindly repeat their inquiries?

DOUBTFUL.—The Stratford-upon-Avon, Towcester, and Midland Junction Railway is never likely to pay the full interest on its debentures out of its own traffic, but, as it forms a link between the Midland Railway at Broom and the same railway at Olney, it may, possibly, be some day absorbed into the Midland system on terms favourable to the debenture-holders. The railway cost about £400,000, and the debenture debt is only £197,000. Although at present the railway only just earns enough to pay working expenses, the debentures ought to be worth more than 20 per cent. of their face value.

SUGAR.—The report of the Investigation Committee of David Martineau and Sons is certainly not pleasant reading for shareholders; but the fact that the company from the beginning traded at a heavy loss was known before the committee was appointed, and surely it is more satisfactory to have a report showing that the heavy loss may have arisen from bad management—which can be cured—than to find it arose from causes which cannot be cured. We await with curiosity the issue of the chairman's counterblast. It is said that since the meeting the directors have stopped manufacturing everything except "saccharum."

ALFRED.—Keep No. 1; sell No. 2. They are likely to go worse. No. 3 are good, but there is a heavy liability on them.

L. F. G.—It is a good second-class investment, but you have too many brewery shares already. Why put all your eggs into one basket?

21/11